OVID'S HEROICALL EPISTLES.

Engliſhed by *W. S.*

Veniam pro laude peto.

——nunc mitibus
Mutare quæro Triſtia.

BIBLIOTHECA PUBLICA

LONDON,
Printed by *R. B.* for *Michael Sparke*, and are to bee ſold at his Houſe in Greene Arbour. 1636.

TO THE VERTVOVS LADIES AND GENTLEWOMEN OF *ENGLAND.*

Your beauties (Ladies and Gentlewomen) are but types and shaddowes of the beauty of your vertuous mind, which is discerned by Noble and Courteous actions. I may therefore presume that *Ovid's* Heroicall Epistles, chiefly translated for your sakes, shall find a

tle acceptance, ſutable to your Heroi
call diſpoſitions, for Curteſie and Inge
nuity, are the companions of Gentili
ty. But thoſe who clayme this Title
and are degraded of it by their own
vicious qualities, *Ovid* diſclayme
them. Vertue is an inviſible gift
which is not diſcerned by the outward
habit, but by ſpeech and action, and
a certaine delectation in vertue, as Mo
deſty, Temperance, and eſpecially
Curteſie; to which *Ovid* doth appeale
For when Rome knew him famous
he was eſteemed of Love and Ladies
ſo that hee was faine to ſhadow the
ambitious love of the Emperour
daughter towards him under the vayle
of *Corynna*, but the Emperour ſaw
through it, and baniſhed him. Beſides

theſe

These Epistles, in regard of their subject have just relation to you, Ladies and Gentlewomen, being the complaint of Ladies and Gentlewomen, for the absence of their Lovers; And that their sorrow may be more sensible, there is a Table prefixed, and adjoyned to the booke, presenting the severall Pictures of the Arguments of the Epistles. So much concerning the worke, and the Author *Ovid*, now you expect a complement for the Dedication.

Ladies and Gentlewomen, since this booke of *Ovid*, which most Gentlemen could reade before in Latine, is for your sakes come forth in English, it doth at first addresse it selfe as a Suiter, to wooe your acceptance, that it may kisse your hands, and afterward have the lines thereof in reading sweetned by the odour of your breath, while the dead letters formd into words by your divided lips, may receive new life by your passionate expression, and the words married in that Ruby colourd Temple, may thus happily united, multiply your contentment. And in a word let this be,

A Servant with you to the *Lady* Vertue.

Wye Saltonstall.

these Epistles, in regard of their subject have just relation to you, Ladies and Gentlewomen, being the complaint of Ladies and Gentlewomen, for the absence of their Lovers; And that their sorrow may be more sensible, there is a Table prefixed, and adjoyned to the Booke, presenting the severall Pictures of the Arguments of the Epistles. So much concerning the worke, and the Author Grill, now you expect a complement for the Dedication.

TO THE VERTVOVS LADIES AND GENTLEWOMEN OF GREAT BRITAINE.

OF all the Poets, that in verſe did raigne
As Monarchs, none could equall Ovids ſtraine,
Eſpecially in the affaires of Love,
Ovid the Maſter of that Art did proue:
His fancies were ſo pleaſing, and ſo ſweet,
That Love did wiſh no other winding ſheet,
If he had mortall beene, for he would dye
To live againe in his ſweet Poeſie.
When he intended to enflame the mind,
Or ſhew how Lovers proved too unkind,
As in theſe Epiſtles, where Ladies bemoane
Themſelves, when their unkind lovers were gone;
He doth ſo mournfully expreſſe their paſſion

In such a loving, and a lively fashion,
That reading them griefe will not let you speake,
Vntil impriſon'd teares from your eyes breake;
Such passions in his Letters do appeare,
That every word will make you drop a teare.
But you faire Gentlewomen of this Ile,
He would have you to glance one gentle ſmile
On his Epiſtle, ſtil'd Heroicall,
Becauſe by Lords and Ladies written all.
You know that Love is the Harts pleaſant tamer,
Whoſe motto is this, Omnia vicint Amor;
For he can with his lighted Torch enflame
A ſoone the Lord and Lady, as the ſwaine.
If then you hope to be happy in Love,
If others ſorrowes may your pitty move,
If you the complaints of faire Ladies tender,
Which Engliſh doth for your contentment render
Vnto your view, let theſe Epiſtles heere,
Enjoy your beautious favour, ſhining cleare
On Ovid, below'd by th' Emperours daughter,
For which by Cæſar he was baniſht after;
Yet this his comfort was in Baniſhment,
His Love, and Lines, did yeeld your ſex content.
Let Engliſh Gentlewomen as kind appeare
To Ovid, as the Roman Ladies were.

So Wiſheth, *Wye Saltonſtall.*

The Index.

A

Abides a City in *Asia* Ep. 17.
Achelous a river of *Etolia* 9
Achilles son of *Peleus* and *Thetis* Ep. 3.
Acontius, signifies an Arrowe, Epist. 19, 20.
Acteon beheld *Diana* bathing her selfe, and was transformed into a Stag, Ep. 10.
Ætna a burning Mountaine, Epist. 21.
Adonis the son of *Cinyra*, Ep. 4.
Egyptus brother to *Belus*, E. 14.
Eneas son to *Anchises* and *Venus*, Ep. 7.
Eolus King of the winds, E. 10
Ethra, Ep. 16.
Agamemnon Prince of the *Grecians*, Ep. 3.
Ajax, Epist. 3.
Alcions Sea Birds, Ep. 17.
Alecto, one of the Furies, Ep. 2.
Androgeus Minos son, Ep. 10.
Andromache Hectors wife. Ep. 5.
Antilochus, 1.
Apollo god of *Poetry*, *Physicke*, and *Musicke*, Ep. 5, 6.
Ariadne, Epist. 10.
Ariadnes Crowne a Constellation, Ep. 17.
Ascanius son to *Eneas*, Ep. 7.
Athens a famous Vniversity Epist. 2.
Atlas a Mountaine, 10.
Atreus son to *Theseus*, Ep. 1
Aurora, or the morning, Ep.

B

Briseis a Captive *Virgin* take by *Achilles*, Ep. 3.

C

Cacus a Gyant, Epist. 9.
Canace Sister to *Macareu* Ep. 11.
Carthage a Citty of *Libya* E.
Cassandra a Prophetesse wh foretold the destruction *Troy*, Ep. 15.
Cephalus signifies the head E.
Cerberus Porter of hell, E. 9.
Ceres Goddesse of Corne an Plenty, Ep. 2.
Charybdis a rockey gulfe, E.
Colchos where the golde Fleece was kept, Ep. 6.
Corinth, a City, Ep. 12.
Clymene waiting-Maid to *He lena*, Epist. 16.

reete an Iland, Ep. 15.
nthia, or the Moone, Ep. 17.

D

Dedalus who made himselfe and his son *Icarus* wings
aphne turned into a Lawrell Tree, Epist. 21.
to flye withall, Ep. 17.
ianira daughter to *Oenus* King of *Caledon*, Ep. 9.
eiphobus, or fearing the gods, Epist. 5.
elos an Iland, it signifies manifest or cleere, from δῆλος or δηλόω.
eucalion, who with his Wife *Pyrrha*, survived after the generall Deluge, Ep. 21.
ercophaon, signifies a light to the people by his exemplary Vertues, Epi. 2.
iana called *Lucina*, Ep. 19.
ido, signifies to feare, Ep. 7.
olen Epist. 1.

E

Elisa, or *Dido*, Epist 7.
Elysian, *Elysium* was a faind place of joy for the dead. E. 3.
ndymion was beloved of the Moone, Ep. 17.
Eurisheus King of the *Mycenians*, Ep. 9.
Erinnys, a *Furie*, Ep. 6.
Europa, signifies faire faced, from whom the chiefest part of the world is called *Europe*, Ep. 1.

H

Hæmus a Mountaine of *Thrace*, Ep. 2.
Hector the valianteſt of all the *Trojans*, Ep. 1.
Hellena wife to *Menelaus*, Ep. 5.
Hellespont, or the Sea wherin *Helle* was drowned, E. 8, 17.
Hercules begot by *Iupiter* in three nights on *Alcmena* in the shape of *Amphitrio*, E. 9.
Hermione, Epist. 8.
Hydra a monster whose fruitfull heads would grow as they were lopped off, Ep. 9.
Hero or a Noble *Heroicall* Lady, Ep. 17.
Hymen the god of mariage, E. 2.
Hypermnestra wife to *Linus* Ep. 14.
Hippolytus was torne in pieces by his horses, Ep. 7.
Hypsipyle Queen of *Lemnos*, E. 6

Iason

I

Iason son to *Eson*, Ep. 6.
Icarius penelopes father, E. 1.
Icarus 17.
Idean, or *Trojan*, Ep. 9.
Iole Hercules his Mistresse, *Ep.* 9
Isthmus, a neck of Land joyning two Continents together, having the Sea beating on both sides, *Ep.* 4.
Iuno Iupiters Queene. *Ep.* 5.

L

Lacedemon a Citty in Greece, *Ep.* 15.
Laertes. *Ep.* 1.
Laodamia, *Ep.* 13.
Leander signifies a Lion-hearted man, *Ep.* 17.
Linus husband to *Hypermnestra*, *Ep.* 4.
Lucina the goddesse of Childbirth, *Ep.* 5.

M

Macareus brother to *Canace*, *Ep.* 11.
Meander a crooked winding River, *Ep.* 7.
Medea a sorceresse beloved by *Iason*, *Ep.* 12.
Menelaus signifies the envie o scorne of the people, he wa *Helenas* husband, *Ep.* 5.
Minotaure a monster which b *Dædalus* Art *Pasiphae* ha by a Bull, while *Minos* wa at the *Athenian* wars, hen it was called a *Minotaur* *Ep.* 10.

N

NEctar the drinke of th Gods, *Ep.* 15.
Neptune the god of the Sea, *E.*
Nereides Sea Nymphs, *Ep.* 5.
Nestor lived 3. ages, *Ep.* 1.
Nilus a River of Egypt, *Ep.* 1

O

Oechalia, a City, *Ep.* 9.
Oenone, a Nymph, *Ep.* 5.
Orestes son to *Agamemnon*, a *Clytemnestra*, *Ep.* 8.
Orithia, beloved of *Boreas*, *E.*

P

Pallas the goddesse of wis dome *Ep.* 4.
Paris, son to *Priam* and *Hec be*, *Ep.* 5. 15.
Parnassus, the Muses Mount *Ep.* 19. *Pe*

aphae, a luſtfull wanton woman, *Ep.* 4.
atroclus ſignifies the honour of his Father, he was ſon to *Menatius*, and having put on *Achilles* Armour, was ſlaine in fight by *Hector*, *Ep.* 1, 3.
enelope Vlyſſes Wife, *Ep.* 1.
eritheus, a faithfull friend to *Theſeus*, *Ep.* 4.
hædra ſiſter to *Ariadne*, daughter to *Minos*, *Ep.* 4.
hyllis, from φύλλα leaves, or from *Phylla* ſignifying in Greek an Almond Tree, *E.* 2.
haon, a faire young man. *E.* 21.
yrrha Deucalions wife, *Ep.* 21.
iphemus, *Ep.* 1. Sab. a *Gyant*
igmalion brother to *Dido*, *E.* 7.
rateſilaus, ſignifies the chiefe amongſt the people, he landing firſt on the *Trojan* ground, was ſlaine by *Hector* *Ep.* 13.
ylos a City in *Meſſenia* where *Neleus Neſtors* Father raigned. *Ep.* 1.
yrrhus the ſonne of *Achilles*, *Ep.* 3. 8.

R

Rhodope a Mountaine of *Thrace*, *Ep.* 2.

S

Sappho a wanton witty woman, *Ep.* 27.
Scylla a rocky gulfe, 12. *Ep.*
Seſtos a City in *Europe*, *Ep.* 17.
Simois, a *Trojan* River, *E.* 1, 7.
Sparta a City of *Greece*. *Ep.* 15.
Sycheus, *Hercules Prieſt*, and *Dido's* husband, *Ep.* 7.

T

Tantalus, who ſtood in Hell to the chin in water, yet could not drinke, *Ep.* 15.
Telemachus, *Vlyſſes* ſon, *Ep.* 1.
Theſeus ſon of *Ægeus*, *Ep.* 2.
Thetis, Queen of the Sea, *Ep.* 13.
Tiſiphone, one of the Furies, Epiſt. 2.
Tlepolemus, Ep. 1.
Tybris, a River of *Italy*.
Tyreſias a Prophet, who told *Iuno* that feminine pleaſure exceeded maſculine in acts of *Venus*, *Ep.* 1. Sab.

V

Vlyſſes a valiant Grecian, Epiſt. 17.

Z

Zone, or girdle, becauſe the Brides girdle was untied by the Bridegroome on her wedding night, *Ep.* 2.

Carmen instar mille
blande laudantium.

In laudem Authoris carmen non desit Amici:
Hoc opus Authorem laudat, hic Author opus.

This Author needs not owe any friend
for Verses in his praise:
The Author doth his worke commend,
And his worke gives him Bayes.

Carmen instar mille

blande laudantium.

In laudem Authoris carmen non desit Amici:

Hoc opus Authorem laudat, hic Author opus.

This Author needs not owe any friend

for Verses in his praises

The Author doth his worke commend,

And his worke gives him Bayes.

Troy
Penelope

OVIDS EPISTLES.

The Argument of the first Epistle.

When the Grecians went with a great Army to *Troy*, to revenge the rape of *Helena*, *Paris* the son of *Laertes* and *Anticlea*, took such delight in his young wife *Penelope*, that he counterfeited himselfe mad, therby to enjoy her, and absent himselfe from the warre. But *Palamedes* discovering his purpose, he was compell'd to goe with the rest in the *Trojan* voyage. Where he fought many brave Combats, & after the destruction of *Troy*, which had binn ten yeares besieged, intending to returne to his own Country, he tooke Ship with other Grecian Princes, but through *Minerva*'s displeasure they were scatter'd and divided by such a violent Tempest, that *Ulysses* wandred ten yeares more before he returned. So that his Wife *Penelope*, having liv'd chastly in his absence, & not knowing what hinderd his comming home, writes this Epistle to him, wherein she perswades him by many reasons to return to his own Country.

PENELOPE to ULYSSES.

MY deare *Ulysses*, thy *Penelope*
Doth send this Letter to complaine of thee,
Who dost so long from me unkindly stay,
Write nothing backe, but come thy selfe away.

For *Troy* now levell with the ground is layd,
Which was envy'd by every Grecian mayd;
Yet neither *Troy*, nor *Priams* wealth could be
Worth halfe so much as thy sweete company.
O I could wish that *Paris* had beene drown'd
When his Shippe was to *Lacedemon* bound.
Then had not I layn cold in bed alone,
Nor yet complain'd that time runnes slowly on;
Nor yet to passe away the Winters night
Had I sat spinning then by candle light,
Fore-casting in what dangers thou mightst be,
And such as were not like to trouble thee,
Thinking on perils more than ever were,
For Love is alwaies full of carefull feare.
The *Trojans* now, thought I, doe thee assaile.
At *Hectors* name my cheekes with feare grew pale.
And when I heard *Antilacus* was slaine
By *Hector*, then my feares renew'd againe.
And hearing how that brave *Patroclus* clad
In *Vlysses* Armour such ill fortune had.
That *Hector* slew him in that false disguise,
The sad report drew teares out of mine eyes.
Or when I of *Tlepolemus* did heare,
Who with his bloud bedew'd *Sarpedons* speare,
Tlepolemus death doth then my cares renew,
And I began straight way to thinke of you.
And lastly if I heard abroad by fame,
That any of the Grecian side were slaine,
My heart for feare of thee was farre more cold
Than any Ice, when such bad newes was told.
But the just Gods to us more kind doe prove,
And more indulgent to our chaster love,
For stately *Troy* is unto ashes burn'd
And my *Vlysses* lives though not return'd.

The

The Grecian Captaines are come home againe,
The Altars doe with joyfull Incense flame;
And all the Barbarous spoyles which they did take,
Vnto our Country gods they consecrate.
The love of wives is to their husbands showne
By guifts which for their safe returning home,
Vnto the Gods with gratefull minds they bring,
While their Husbands songs of *Troy's* destruction sing,
Old men and trembling mayds doe both desire,
To heare the Tale of *Troy* which they admire,
And Wives doe hearken with a kinde of joy
To their Husbands talking of the seige of *Troy*.
And some now doe upon their Table draw
The Picture of those fierce warres which they saw:
And with a little wine before powred downe
Can lively paint the moddell of *Troy* Towne.
Here *Simois* floud heer'es the *Sigean* land,
And here did *Priams* lofty Palace stand.
Here did *Achilles* pitch his glittering Tents
And here *Vlisses* kept his regiments.
Here in this place did valiant *Hector* fall,
Whose body was drag'd round about the wall
Of *Troy*, to shew the enemies despight,
Putting the foaming Horses in a fright.
For whatsoever in those wars was done,
Old *Nestor* did relate unto thy sonne
Whom I had sent forth to enquire of thee,
And he did bring home all this newes to me:
Bringing me tydings how *Dolon* by name,
And *Rhesus* by the sword at once were slaine:
While the one of them in his dead sleep was kil'd
And the others bloud by treachery was spil'd:
And thou amongst thy other bold attempts
By night didst set upon the *Thracian* Tents,

Slaying so many men, how couldst thou be
So adventerous if thou hadst remembred mee?
And of thy other victories I did heare,
My heart did burne within my breast for feare.
But what although thy valour did confound,
Troy; and did race the walls unto the ground?
Shall I, as if *Troy* were besig'd, still be
A Widow wanting thy tweete company?
That *Troy* doth stand I only finde alone,
Others rejoyce that it is overthrowne.
Whose fruitefull fields the conquering Grecians now
Doe with the *Trojan* Oxen daily plough.
For now ripe corne doth grow where *Troy* once stood,
And all the ground is fat with *Trojan* bloud.
The crooked Plough doth graze as it goes by
Vpon men's bones, which there halfe buryed lye;
So that they plough up bones as well as land,
And grasse doth grow where houses once did stand.
Yet having wasted *Troy*, thou keep'st away,
Nor doe I know what moveth thee to stay,
Nor can by any meanes learne in what part
Of all the world (thou most unkindest) art.
If any ship unto our shore doth come
Then to enquire of the I straight doe runne:
And to the Shipmaster a Letter give
To deliver unto thee if thou dost live:
Charging if that it be his chance to see
Vlysses, he should give it unto thee.
I sent to *Pylos*, where *Nestor* did raigne,
But I from *Pylos* heard no newes againe.
I sent unto the *Spartanes*, who could tell
No tydings of thee, or where thou did dwell.
O would that *Troy* were standing now againe
For whose destruction I did pray in vaine!

If

If thou wert at the warres I should know where
Thou wert, and of thy safety stand in feare.
And other women might with me complaine,
Because their Husbands came not home againe.
To grieved minds this may some comfort be,
To have companions in adversity.
I know not what to feare, yet all things feare;
My cares and sorrowes never greater were.
Thinking what dangers by Sea and Land may
Enforce thee gainst thy will from me to stay.
While thus my fond affection doth excuse thee,
Perhaps thou in requitall dost abuse me.
For I doe feare thy fancy loves to rove,
And that thou hast some Sweet-heart thou dost love
In forraine Countries, nay and it may be
That thou dost wooe her by disgracing me,
Telling her that thy Wife's a country Ioane,
That knoweth only how to spinne at home.
But of my hard beliefe I doe repent;
I hope thou art not willingly absent.
My Father *Icarius* would not have me stay
A widdow still, but chideth my delay.
But let him chide, *Penelope* will be
A constant Wife, *Vlysses*, unto thee.
But though I doe by faire entreaty still
Prevaile so much, that I doe change his will
Or alter it, so that hee's not enclin'd
To use a Fathers power to force my mind;
The *Dulichians* and the *Samians* come to woo me,
And the *Zacynthians* often come unto me;
And of forraine suiters such a wanton crue
Doe haunt me, that I know not what to doe.
Who in thy Palace doe most freely raigne,
Wasting those goods which thou before didst gain.

Piſandrus, *Polybus*, and *Medon* too,
Eurymachus, and *Antinous* come to wooe
Me, and in thy abſence doe conſume and eate
That eſtate which thou didſt gaine by bloud and meate
Poore *Irus*, and *Melanthius* that doth feede
His ſheepe, are ſuters too, and hope to ſpeed.
And all thy houſehold here doth but conſiſt
Of three that are too weake for to reſiſt;
Namely *Laertes* who is ſpent and done,
Thy Wife, and young *Tolemachus* thy Son:
Whom I had almoſt loſt, while that he went,
To the City *Pilo*, without our conſent.
And when the fates our time of death aſſigne,
May his hand cloſe up both thy eyes and mine.
Our Oxe-herd, Swine-herd and our old Nurſe are
All of one minde, and doe make the ſame prayer:
And how can old *Laertes* power reſtraine
Thoſe wanton Suiters which at home doe raigne.
Telemachus in time will grow more ſtrong,
His Father now ſhould keepe him from all wrong.
I have no ſtrength to drive theſe Suitors hence,
Then come thou home and be thy owne defence.
Thinke on thy Son to whom thou ſhouldſt impart
Inſtruction, that may ſeaſon his young heart.
Thinke on *Laertes*, come and cloſe his eyes,
Who in his old age even bed-rid lyes.
And thinke on me, for when thou wentſt from home,
Full young was I, but now an old Wife growne.

Athens
Phyllis

The Argument of the second Epistle.

Demophoon the Sonne of *Theseus* and *Phædra*, returning home from the *Trojan* warres, was driven by a Tempest into *Thrace*, where *Phyllis* the daughter of *Lycurgus* and *Cruthumena*, being then Queene of *Thrace*, gave him curteous entertainement both at board and bed: but when he had stayd a while with her, as soone as he heard that *Menestheus* was dead who had expulst his Father *Theseus* out of the City of *Athens*, and assum'd the government to himselfe, hee being desirous to regaine his kingdome, desired leave of *Phyllis* to goe and settle his affaires, promising her within one moneth to returne againe, and so having made ready his Shipps, he sayles to *Athens*, and taries there. Whereupon after foure moneths were past, *Phyllis* writes this Epistle, perswading him to be faithfull unto her, and to remember her kindnesse, and his owne promise, which if he neglects to doe, she threatens to kill her selfe, and so revenge the violation of her Mayden chastity.

Phyllis *to* Demophoon.

Phyllis that did so kindly entertaine
Thee, ô *Demophoon*, must of thee complaine. (round,
Before the Moones sharpe hornes were once growne
Thou didst promise to land on the *Thracian* ground:
But now foure Moones are chang'd, foure moneths are
And yet thy Ship is not return'd at last (past,
If thou dost count the time, which we that are
In love doe strictly reckon with great care;
Thou having broke thy promise needs must say,
That my complaint comes not before the day.
My feares were slow, for we doe slowly give
Credence to those things we would not believe.
Which made me for thy sake even falsely faine,
That the Northwind drove backe thy sayles againe.

Sometimes I fear'd lest that in Hebrus sound
Thy ship might in those shallow waves be droun'd.
Oft I besought the gods for thy returne,
And on their Altars did sweet Incense burne.
When the winde stood faire I said unto my selfe,
Sure he will come now, if he be in health.
My faithfull Love was witty to invent
Something that might still hinder thy intent.
But yet thou stayest, nor can thy promise move
Thee to returne, nor yet our former love.
But I perceive, *Demophoon*, by thy stay
One wind did drive thy Ship, and faith away.
Thy Ship returnes not which makes me complaine,
That all thy faithlesse promises were vaine.
What have I done? Alasse I rashly lov'd thee,
And yet this fault to pitty might have mov'd thee.
I entertain'd thee, this was all my fault,
Yet this offence might have bin kindnesse thought.
Where is thy faith, thy hand which thou didst give me,
And those oathes thou sworest to make me believe thee?
Swearing by *Hymen* that thou would'st not tarry,
But come againe and thy poore *Phyllis* marry.
And by the rugged Sea hast often swore,
Which thou both hast and wilt sayle often ore:
And by *Neptune* thy great Uncle, who with ease
Can calme the raging of the angry Seas:
By *Iuno* who in marriages delights:
And by torch-bearing *Ceres* mystick rites.
Should all these Gods revenge thy perjuries,
Which are high treasons to their Majesties;
And should all punish thee with one consent,
Thou couldst not sure endure their punishment.
To rigge and mend thy Ships I care did take,
And in requitall thou didst me forsake,

I gave thee oportunity to run
Away, tis I that have my ſelfe undone.
I did believe thy faire and gentle words
Of which the falſeſt heart moſt ſtore affords,
And becauſe thou didſt come of a good deſcent,
I did believe thou hadſt a good intent.
I did beleeve thy teares: and hadſt thou taught
Thy teares to be as falſe as was thy thought?
O yes thy teares would flow with cunning Art,
When thou didſt bid them to diſguiſe thy heart.
Thy vowes and promiſes I did beleeve,
And any of thoſe ſhowes might me deceive.
Nor am I griev'd becauſe I entertain'd thee,
Such kindneſſe ſhew'd to thee could not have ſham'd me.
But I repent, becauſe to adde more height
Vnto thy entertainement, I one night
Did ſuffer thee to come into my Bed,
Where thou didſt rob me of my Mayden-head.
Would I had dy'd before that fatall night
Wherein I yeelded thee ſo much delight.
For if I had not thus my ſelfe betray'd,
Then *Phyllis* might have liv'd and dy'd a Mayd.
But I did hope that thou more conſtant wert,
" That hope is juſt which ſpringeth from deſert.
For I did know I had deſerv'd thy love,
Which made me hope, that thou would'ſt faithfull prove.
It is no glory to deceive a Mayd,
Since ſhe deſerveth pitty that's betray'd
By her kind heart, and hath too ſoone beleev'd,
For thus poore *Phyllis* was by thee deceiv'd.
And inſtead of other praiſes may they ſay,
That this was he that did a Mayd betray.
When thy Statue ſhall be in the Citty plac'd
With thy Fathers, which is with high titles grac'd.

When

When they shall reade how valiant *Theseus* slew
Those cruell Theeves, and also did subdue
The Minotaure, and did the Thebanes tame,
And Centaures that by him were also slaine:
And lastly when th' Inscription shall relate
How he went to Hell and knockt at *Pluto's* gate:
This Title shall bee on thy Statue redde,
"This man deceiv'd his love, and from her fled.
In this thy father thou do'st imitate,
That he faire *Ariadne* did forsake:
What he alone excused as a sin,
That act thou onely do'st admire in him;
Shewing thy selfe in this to be his son,
That thou like him, hast a young Mayd undone.
But she is happily to *Bacchus* married,
An in his Charriot drawne, with Tigers caried.
The *Thracians* doe my marriage bed contemne,
Because I lov'd a stranger more than them:
And some perhaps will say in my disgrace,
Let her goe to *Athens*, that most learned place:
Since she so kind hath to a stranger beene;
The warlike *Thracians* will have a new Queene.
The end doth prove the action, but yet may
He want successe, that thinketh so I say:
That measures actions not from the intent,
"But counts them good, that have a good event.
For if *Demophoon* would againe returne,
Then they would honour me, whom now they scorne.
"Vnfortunate actions doe our credit staine,
I am faulty, because thou do'st not come againe.
Me thinkes I see, how when thou lefts our Court,
Thy ship being ready to forsake our Port;
Thy loving armes about my neck were spred,
Making my lips with tedious kisses red.

I

I wept, and when thou saw'st those teares of mine,
Thou also wept'st, and mingled'st them with thine.
And then thou seemed'st, with a treacherous mind,
Sorry, because thou had'st so faire a wind.
And at the last, when thou must needs depart,
Thou said'st, farewell faire *Phyllis* my Sweet-heart.
For when one Moneth is come unto an end,
Look for *Demophoon* thy faithfull friend.
Why should I look for thy returne in vaine,
Who had'st no purpose to returne againe?
Yet I'l look for thy comming back howe ever,
For it is better to come late, than never.
But I do feare thou hast a new Sweet-heart,
One that doth alienate from me thy heart.
That thou forgotten *Phyllis* do'st not know:
Wo's me, if *Phyllis* be forgotten so;
Who did *Demophoon* kindly entertaine,
When forc'd by stormes he to our Harbour came:
Whose necessities with treasure I supply'd,
And gave him many royall gifts beside.
My Kingdome unto thee I did submit,
Thinking a Woman could not governe it:
Even all those goodly Lands I offered thee,
'Twixt *Hæmus* and the shady *Rhodope*.
Besides, thou did'st my Virgin *Zone* untie;
And violate my chaste Virginity.
And at our mariage the fatall Owle
Did sing, while mad *Tisiphone* did howle:
Alecto with her snaky haire was there;
The Candles did like Funerall-lights appeare.
Oft sadly to some Rock I go, whose height
May make me to see far at sea outright.
If it be day, or if the Stars do shine,
I look still how the wind stands at that time.

If a farre off a ship I chance to see
I straight doe hope that it thy ship may be.
And then in haste upon the sands *I* run
So far, that I unto the Sea-waves come.
But when I have at length my errour found,
Amongst my Mayds I fall downe in a sound.
There is a hollow Bay bent like a Bowe,
Whose rockie sides into the Sea farre goe
To cast my selfe from hence is my intent,
Since to deceive me thou art bent.
For when thou seest my body like a wrack
Cast on thy shoare, I know thou wilt look back
On the sad sight, and though thy heart could be
More hard than Adamant, thou wilt pitty me.
Sometimes I could drinke poyson, or afford
To stab my tender brest with a sharpe sword,
Or put a halter bout my neck which oft
Thou hast embraced with thy armes more soft.
For Ile revenge my losse of Chastity,
Though I am doubtfull yet what death to dye.
And to declare my death from thee did come,
These lines shall be engrav'd upon my Tombe.
Phyllis that did *Demophoon* entertaine,
Was by his unkindnesse, and her owne hand slaine.

Fig. 3.
Mistress

The Argument of the third Epistle.

The Græcians being arriv'd at Phrygia, began to take the Cities neare Troy, especially those opposite to the Ile Lesbos. *Achilles* the Sonne of *Peleus* and *Thetis*, invaded both the *Cilicias*, with *Thebana*, and *Lyrnesia*, besieged and tooke the Towne *Chrysessa*, and brought away two faire Virgins, *Astynome* the Daughter of *Chryses Apollo's* Priest, and *Hippodamia* the Daughter of *Brises*, called afterward by their Fathers names. *Chryses*, he bestows on Prince *Agamemnon*, but keepes *Briseis* to himselfe. But *Agamemnon* being commanded by the Oracle to restore *Chryses* to her Father, tooke *Briseis* from *Achilles*: Who taking it as an indignity withdrew himselfe from the warres: no entreaty can prevaile to make him fight against *Troy*. *Agamemnon* sends him *Briseis* againe with gifts, he slights them both. *Briseis* thereupon in this Epistle complaines of his too violent anger, entreats him to fight against the *Trojans*, to accept *Agamemnons* offer, and receive her againe.

BRISEIS *to* ACHILLES.

THis Letter *Briseis* unto thee doth send,
Which I perhaps in Greeke have rudely pend.
My teares did make those blots which thou dost see,
And yet these weeping blots may speake for me.
If a Captive may with modesty complaine
Of thee, my Lord, doe not my Suite disdaine.
Vnto *Agamemnon* thou didst me resigne,
And yet alas this was no faule of thine.
When that *Euribates* and *Talthybius* came
To fetch me, whom thou durst not then detaine.
They wonderd that thou couldst so soone deliver
Me to the Kings use, if thou lov'dst me ever.
Thou mightst have seemed loath for to depart,
And have bestowd one kisse on thy Sweet-heart.

But

But yet I wept apace, my haire I toare,
As if I were a Captive made once more.
I often thought to steale away to thee,
But then I fear'd the *Trojan* enemy:
Least being surpris'd by them in my attempt,
They should to *Priam's* daughters meet present.
But thou wilt say thou couldst not me detaine;
But yet thou mightst have fetcht me backe againe.
Patroclus then did speake thus in my eare;
Why dost thou Weepe? thou shalt not stay long there.
Nay thou wilt not receive me now againe,
And much lesse fetch her, whom thou dost disdaine.
Ajax and *Phenix* both did come to thee,
Thy friend and cozen by consanguinitie.
And *Ulysses*, who with gifts and prayers did wooe thee,
To receive thy *Briseis* when they brought me to thee,
And for a present twenty basons brought
With seaven threefoot'd tables carv'd and wrought:
To these ten Talents of gold added were,
And twelve brave Steeds that were traynd up to warre:
And many Captive mayds who with one looke
Could take the Conquerours that had them tooke:
And a faire Virgin that thy wife might be;
But sure thou needst no other wife but me.
From *Agamemnon* wouldst thou me redeeme,
That to receve these guifts so nice dost seeme?
Achilles, how have I mov'd thy neglect?
Why dost thou now unkindly me reject?
" Or is it fortunes custome still to frowne
" On those, who by misfortune are cast downe?
I saw thee when thou didst *Chryseus* take,
And of thy *Briseis* didst a captive make.
I saw how many of my kinred were
Slaine by thy valiant hand, and did lye there:

Panting for life, till their freſh wounds had bled
So much, that all the Earth was painted red.
Yet when I loſt thoſe friends, I got another;
Thou art my Lord, my Husband and my Brother.
And by thy Mother Queene of the ſalt Flood
Thou ſworeſt all ſhould turne unto my good;
Binding themſelves with promiſes, that I
Should be moſt happy in captivity.
But now both me, and thoſe gifts which are ſent thee,
Thou doſt refuſe, for neither can content thee.
And I heare, to morrow by the break of day,
Thou meaneſt to take ſhip and ſaile away.
When I did heare this newes, my heart did faile,
And preſently my bloudleſſe cheeks grew pale.
But wilt thou go from me my Deare, and leave me?
Vnto whoſe cuſtody wilt thou then bequeath me?
May I be laid into the earths cold bed;
Or may the flaming thunder ſtrike me dead;
Ere I behold thy ſhip cutting her way
Through the greene waves, while I am left to ſtay.
If thou intendeſt to returne againe,
Take me along, who no great burthen am;
I'le follow thee, and ſerve thee all my life
As a poore Captive, not as thy deare Wife.
I can inure my hands to labour hard;
And I can be content to ſpin or card.
One of the faireſt Maids that Greece ere bred
Shall be thy Wife, and warme thy nuptiall-bed.
My humble thoughts doe not ſo high aſpire,
To be thy ſervant is all I deſire.
I'le ſit and ſpin untill my task be done,
And untill all my Flax to threed be ſpun.
Yet ſuffer not thy Wife, I pray, to chide me,
Becauſe I love thee ſhe will not abide me.

And doe not suffer her to teare my haire;
Thinke how of *Briseis* thou didst once take care.
Nay, though thou suffer her my haire to teare,
Doe not dispise me, this is all I feare.
What would'st thou have? *Agamemnon* doth repent;
And Greece for wronging thee is penitent.
Subdue thy selfe, and now let him that hath
Conquer'd so many, conquer his owne wrath.
Why dost thou let the coward *Hector* wast
And spoyle the Grecians? take thou armes at last.
Achilles take thy armes, but first me take;
Then crush those fellowes, and force them to quak.
For my sake thou wert angry and offended;
For me thy wrath began, in me let it be ended.
It's no disgrace unto my suite to yeeld,
Oenides did goe unto the field
Perswaded by his wife, though he layd by
His Armes, and to ayd his countrey did deny:
She did perswade her valant husband straight,
But my words have, alas! no power, nor weight.
I dare not call my selfe thy wife, for I
Have loved with thee in Captivity.
Though my Lord hath often called his hand-Mayd
Vnto his bed, and I have him obey'd.
I doe remember that a captive Mayd
Did call me Mistresse, unto whom I sayd,
Lay not the weight of scorne on misery,
That Title suites not with Captivity.
For by my fathers ashes I doe sweare,
Of whom a reverend memory I beare:
By my three brothers soules whose bloud was spill'd
For their Countrey, and in its defence were kill'd:
By my lips, and by those soft lips of thine
Which we did oftentimes together joyne.

And by thy Sword I sweare, since I went from thee,
That *Agamemnon* never lay with mee.
But for thy honesty thou dar'st not sweare,
If I should put thee to thy oath, I feare.
The Grecians think with sorrow thou art pin'd,
But thou hast Musick to refresh thy mind;
While thy Sweet-heart doth claspe thee in her armes,
Making her moistned kisses powerfull charmes
To stay thee there, which makes thee loth to fight;
Love and sweet Musick, yeeld thee more delight.
It is the safer course in bed being layd,
To sport thy selfe with some young fearefull Mayd;
Or when with those joyes thou art tyr'd too much,
To give thy Thracian Lyre a gentle touch,
Then to hold a Buckler, or sharpe pointed Speare,
Or on thy head a weighty Helmet weare:
Yet in brave actions thou didst once delight,
And to win glory onely thou wouldst fight.
Didst thou love warre till I was captive made?
And is thy Valour since that time decay'd?
The gods forbid, I hope to see thy Speare
Wound valian *Hector*, who doth no man feare.
Let the Grecians send me to my Lord to plead,
Their cause with kisses, I can intercede
More powerfully than *Phœnix* or *Vlysses*,
There is a sweeter eloquence in kisses.
If I incircle thee within my armes,
My closse embraces are like powerfull charmes:
My naked breasts being in thy view layd open,
Will soon perswade thee, though no word be spoken,
If thou wert like the Sea, voyd of compassion,
My silent teares would move commiseration.
As thou desirest thy fathers length of dayes,
Or to see *Pyrrhus* crown'd with wreath's of Bayes.

Achilles take thy *Briseis* once againe;
Have pitty on that griefe which I sustaine.
If thy love be turn'd to hate, yet doe not floute me,
Kill me outright, who cannot live without thee.
Nay, thou do'st kill me, for my strength doth fade,
My beauty and fresh colour is decay'd.
Yet I hope thou wilt thy *Briseis* take
And this hope makes me live even for thy sake.
But if my hopes of thee doe faile, then I
To meete my Brother and Husband will dye.
Yet when others shall perchance read my sad story,
To kill a woman will yeeld thee no glory.
Yet let no other kill me, thy weapon can
Kill me assoone as any other man.
Let thy sword give me such a wound, that I
May bleed with pleasure, and so bleeding dye.
Let thy sword send me to *Elysian* rest
Which might have wounded *Hectors* valiant brest.
But let me live if thou art pleased so,
Thy love doth aske what thou grant'st to thy foe.
And rather kill thy *Trojan* foes, than Is
Expresse thy valour on thy enemy.
And whether thou intendest to goe or stay,
Command me, as my lord, to come away.

Hippolytus

The Argument of the fourth Epiſtle.

Theſeus the ſon of *Ægeus*, having ſlaine the Minotaure, brought away by ſhip *Ariadne* daughter to *Minos* and *Paſiphae*, to whom for helping him in killing the Minotaure he had promiſed marriage, and her ſiſter *Phædra*. But admoniſhed by *Bacchus* he leaves *Ariadne* in the Ile *Naxos*, or *Chios*, and marries *Phædra*; who in *Theſeus* abſence falls in love with her ſonne in law *Hippolytus*, *Theſeus* ſonne by *Hippolyte* an *Amazon*. He being a Bachelour, and much addicted to hunting, ſhe having no opportunity to ſpeake to him, diſcovers her love by this Epiſtle: therein cunningly wooing and perſwading him to love her, and leſt it might ſeeme diſhoneſty in a mother to ſollicite her ſon in law, ſhe begins with an Inſinuation,

Phædra to *Hippolytus*.

PHædra unto *Hippolytus* ſends health,
Which unleſſe thou giv'ſt me I muſt want my ſelfe.
Yet reade it, for a Letter cannot fright thee,
There may be ſomething in it may delight thee.
Theſe dumb Meſſengers ſent out of hand
Doe carry ſecrets both by Sea and Land.
The foe will reade a Letter though it be
Sent him from his utter enemy.
Thrice I began my mind to thee to breake,
Thrice I grew dumb, ſo that I could not ſpeake.
There is a kind of modeſty in love,
Which hindereth thoſe that honeſt ſuites doe move.
And love hath given command that every lover,
Should write that which he bluſheth to diſcover.

Then to contemne loves power it is not safe,
Who over all the gods dominion hath.
Tis dangerous to resist the power of love,
Who ruleth over all the gods above.
Love bid me write, I follow'd his direction,
Who told me that my lines should win affection.
O since I love thee, may my love againe,
Raise in thy brest another mutuall flame.
That love which hath beene a long time delay'd,
At last growes violent, and must be obey'd.
I feele a fire, a fire within my heart,
And the blind wound of love doth rage and smart.
As tender Heyfers cannot brooke the yoake,
Nor the wild Colt, that is not backt nor broake
Endure the bridle, so loves yoake I find
Is heavy to an unexperienc'd mind.
When tis their Art, and they can easily doe it,
That from their youth have been trayn'd up unto it.
She that hath let her time run on at waste,
Her love is violent, when she loves at last.
The forbidden fruits of love I keepe for thee,
In tasting them let us both guilty be.
It is some happinesse to pluck and cull
Fruit from a tree, whose boughes with fruit are full;
Or from the bush to gather the first Rose,
I am the tree and bush where lov's fruit growes:
Yet hitherto my fame was never blotted,
But for white chastity I have beene noted;
And I am glad that I my love have plac'd,
On one, by whom I cannot be disgrac'd,
Adultery in her is a base fact
That with some base fellow doth commit the act.
But should *Iuno* grant to me her *Iupiter*,
In love I would *Hippolytus* preferre.

And since I lov'd thee, I do now embrace
Those sports which thou do'st loue; to hunt and chase
Wilde savage beasts, for I would gladly be,
A Huntresse to enjoy thy company.
And now like thee, no goddesse I doe know,
But chast *Diana* with her bended Bow.
I love the woodes; and take delight to set
The toyles, and chase the Deere into the net.
And I doe take delight to hoope and hollow,
And cheere the dogs, while they the chace doe follow.
To cast a dart I now am cunning growne.
Sometimes upon the grasse I lye along.
Sometimes for pleasure I a Chariot drive,
Reyning the horse that with the bridle strive.
Sometimes like these mad Bacchie I doe run,
Who pipe when they to the Idean hill doe come:
Or like those that have seene the horned fawnes,
And Dryads lightly tripping or'e the lawnes.
In such a franctick fit they say I am,
When love torments me with his raging flame:
And this same love of mine perhaps may be,
By fate entail'd upon our familie;
For it is given to us in love to fall;
And *Venus* takes a tribute of us all.
For first, great *Iupiter* did rarely gull
Europa with the false shape of a Bull.
My mother *Pasiphae* in a Cow of wood
The leaping of a lustfull Bull withstood.
My sister likewise to false *Theseus* gave
A clue of silke, and so his life did save,
Who through the winding laborinth was led
By the direction of this slender thred.
And now like one of *Mino's* stock, even I
Love as the rest did in extremity.

It fortunes that our love thus crosse should be,
Thy father lov'd my Sister, I love thee.
Thus *Theseus* and *Hippollytus* his son
Through glory that their love hath overcome
Two Sisters, but I would we had remain'd
At home when we came to thy fathers land.
For then especially thy presence mov'd me,
And from that time I ever since have lov'd thee.
My eye convey'd unto my heart delight,
To like on thee, for thou wert cloth'd in white.
A flowry garland did thy soft haire crowne,
And thy complexion was a lovely browne.
Which some for a sterne visage had mistooke;
But *Phædra* thought thou had'st a manly looke.
For young-men should not be like women drest,
A careless dressing doth become them best.
Thy stearnesse, and loose flowing of thy haire,
And dusty countenance most gracefull were.
While thy caruetting Steed did bound and fling,
I' admir'd to see thee ride him in the ring.
If with thy strong arme thou did'st tosse the pike,
Thy nimble strength I did approve and like.
Or, if thou took'st thy Javelin in thy hand;
Methought thou did'st in comely posture stand.
For all thy actions yeelded me delight,
And did appeare most gracefull in my sight.
Of the woods wildnesse doe not then partake,
Nor suffer me to perish for thy sake.
For why should'st thou in hunting spend thy leasure?
And not delight in *Venus's* sweeter pleasure?
There's nothing can endure, without due rest,
By which our wearied bodies are refresht.
And thou might'st imitate thy *Diana's* bow,
Which if too often bended, weake will grow:

Cephalus

Cephalus was a wood-man of great fame,
And many wild beasts by his hand were slaine:
Yet with *Aurora* he did fall in love,
Her blushing beauty did his fancy move,
While from her aged husbands bed she rose,
And wisely to young *Cephalus* straight goes.
Venus and young *Adonis* oft would lye
Together, on the grasse most want only:
And underneath some tree in the hot weather
They would lye kissing in the shade together.
Atalanta did *Oenides* fancie move,
And gave her wild beasts skins to shew his love.
And therefore why may'st thou not fancy me,
Sith without love the woods unpleasant be?
For I will follow thee o're the rocky cliffe,
And never feare the Boares sharpe fanged teeth,
To seas the narrow *Isthmus* doe oppose,
The raging waves on both sides of it flowes.
Together thee and I will governe heere,
The Kingdome than my country far more deare.
My husband *Theseus* hath long absent beene,
He's with his friend *perithous* it doth seeme.
Theseus (unlesse we will the truth deny)
Doth love *perithous* more then thee or I.
'Tis his unkindnesse that he stayes so long,
But he has done us both far greater wrong.
With his knotty Club he did my brother slay
And left my sister to wild beasts a prey.
Thy mother was a wralike Amazon
Deserving favour for thy sake her son.
Yet cruell *Theseus* kill'd her with his sword,
Who did to him so brave a son afford:
Nor would he marry her; for he still did ayme

That as a bastard thou should'st never raigne?
And many Children he on me begot
Whose untimely death not I, but he did plot.
Would I had dyed in labour, ere that I
Had wrong'd thee by a second Progeny.
Why should thou reverence then thy fathers bed,
Which he doth shun, and now away is fled?
If a Mother be to love her son enclin'd;
Why should vaine names fright thy couragious mind?
Such strict preciseneſſe former times became,
When good old *Saturne* on the earth did reigne.
But *Saturn's* dead, his lawes are cancell'd now:
Iove rules, then followes what *Iove* doth allow.
For *Iove* all sort of pleasure doth permit,
Sisters may marry if they thinke it fit
With their owne brothers, *Venus* bonds doth tye
The knot more close of consanguinitie.
Besides who can our stollen joyes discover?
With faire outside we our fault may colour:
If our embraces were discern'd by some,
They would say, That mother surely loves her son.
Thou need'st not come by night, no doores are barr'd
And shut on me, thy passage is not hard.
One house as it did once, may us containe,
Thou oft hast kist me, and shalt kisse againe.
Thou shalt be safe with me, nay wert thou seene
Within my bed, such faults have smother'd beene.
Then come with speed to ease my troubled mind,
And may love alwayes prove to thee more kind.
Thus I most humbly doe entreate and sue,
Pride and great words become not those that wooe.
Thus I most humbly beg of thee alone,
Alasse my pride and my great words are gone:
To my desires long time I would not yeeld;

But

But yet at last affection wonne the field.
And like a Captive at thy roiall feet
Thy Mother begs; *Love knowes not what is meet.*
Shame hath forsooke his Colours in my cheek
It is confest, yet grant that love I seek.
Though *Minos* be my Father, who keepes under
His power the Seas, and he that darteth thunder
Be my Grand-father; and he be a kin
To me, that hath his forehead circled in
With many a cleare-beame, and sharpe appointed ray,
And drives the purple Chariot of the day,
Love makes a servant of Nobility.
Then for my Ancestors even pitty me.
Nay *Creet*, *Ioves* Island, shall my Dowry be,
And all my Court (*Hippollytus*) shall serve thee.
My Mother softened a Buls steatne breast,
And wilt thou be more cruell than a beast?
For love-sake love me, who have thus complain'd,
So may'st thou love, and never be disdain'd.
So may the Queene of Forrests helpe thee still,
So may the Woods yeeld game for thee to kill.
May the Fawns and Satyrs help thee every where,
So may'st thou wound the Boare with thy sharp Speare:
So may the Nymphs give thee water to slake
Thy burning thirst, though thou do Maidens hate.
Teares with my prayers I mingle, reade my prayers,
And imagine that you do behold my teares.

The Argument of the fifth Epistle.

Hecuba Daughter to *Cisseus*, and Wife to *Priam*, being w child, dreamt, that she was delivered of a flaming Fire-brand set all *Troy* on fire: *Priam* troubled in mind consults the Or receives answer, that his Sonne should be the destruction o Countrey, and therefore as soone as hee was borne, comma his death. But his Mother *Hecuba* sends her Son *Paris* sec to the Kings Shepherds. They keepe him, till being grow Young-man, he fancied the Nymph *Oenone*, and married her when *Iuno*, *Pallas*, and *Venus* contended about the golden Ap which had this inscription; DETVR PVLCHRIO *Let it be given to the fairest*, *Iupiter* made *Paris* their Iudge whom *Iuno* promised a Kingdome, *Pallas*, Wisdome, *Venus*, P fure, and the faireſt of Women; but he gave sentence for *Ve* Afterward being knowne by his Father, and receiv'd into fav he sailed to *Sparta*, whence he took *Hellen* Wife to *Menelaus*, brought her to *Troy*. *Oenone* hearing thereof, complaines in Epistle of his unfaithfulneſſe, perſwading him to send back *H len* to *Greece*, and receive her againe.

Oenone *to* Paris.

VNto my *Paris*, for though thou art not mine,
Thou art my *Paris*, because I am thine,
A Nimph doth send from the *Idean* Hill
These following words, which do this paper fill.
Reade it, if that thy new Wife will permit,
My Letter is not in a strange hand writ.
Oenone, through the *Phrygian* Woods well knowne,
Complaines of wrong, that thou to her hast done.
What god hath us'd his power to crosse our love?
What fault of mine hath made thee faithlesse prove?
With deserv'd suffrings I could be content,
But not with undeserved punishment.
What I deserve, most patient I could beare,

But undeserv'd punishments heavie are.
Thou wert not then of such great dignity,
When I a young Nymph did first marry thee:
Though now forsooth, thou *Priams* son art prov'd,
Thou wert a servant first, when first we lov'd:
And while our Sheepe did graze, we both have laid
Vnder some Tree together in the shade;
Whose boughs like a greene Canopie were spred,
While the soft grasse did yeeld us a greene bed:
And when the dew did fall, we often lay
In a poore Cottage, upon straw or hay.
I shew'd thee both, what Lawnes and Forrests were
Likely to yeeld much store of game, and where
The wilde beasts did in secret caves abide,
And their young ones in the hollow Rocks did hide.
To set thy Toyles with thee I oft have gone,
After thy Hounds I o're the hils have run.
My name on every Beech-tree I do finde,
Thou hast engrav'd *Oenone* on their rinde.
And as the body of the tree doth, so
The letters of my name do greater grow.
Close by a River (I remember it)
These lines are on an *Alder* fairely writ;
And may the *Alder* flourish still and spread,
Because these lines may on the Bark be read:
When Paris *doth to* Oenone *false become,*
Xanthus *unto his Spring shall backward run.*
Xanthus run back, thy course now backward take,
For *Paris* doth *Oenone* forsake.
That day did unto me most fatall prove;
That day began the winter of thy love.
When *Venus*, *Iuno*, and faire *Pallas* came
Naked before thee, and did not disdaine

To chuſe thee for their Judge, when thou had'ſt told
The ſtory to me, my faint heart grew cold.
Of the experienc'd I did counſell take,
They did reſolve me, thou would'ſt me forſake.
For thou didſt build new ſhips without delay,
And did'ſt ſend forth a Fleet, to ſea, ſtraightway.
Yet thou did'ſt weep at thy departure hence;
Do not deny it, it was no offence:
For by my love thy credit is not ſtain'd,
But of loving *Hellen* thou may'ſt be aſham'd.
Thou wept'ſt, and alſo at that very time
Thou ſaw'ſt me weepe, my teares dropt down with thine.
And as the Vine about the Elme doth winde,
So thy armes were round about my neck entwind.
When thou complain'ſt becauſe the winds croſſe were
The Sailers laught, becauſe the wind ſtood faire.
Thou did'ſt kiſſe me often, when thou did'ſt depart,
And thou wert loth to ſay, Farewell, Sweet-heart.
And laſt, a gentle gale of wind did blow,
So that thy ſhip from land did ſlowly go.
I looking after thee long time did ſtand
Weeping, and ſhedding teares on the drie ſand.
And to the grave *Nereides* I did pray,
Thy voyage might be ſpeedy without ſtay:
For me it was too ſpeedy, ſince that I
Suſtaine the loſſe of thy falſe love thereby.
To *Theſſaly* my prayers have brought thee ſafe;
And for a Whore my prayer prevailed hath.
There is a Mountaine that to ſea doth looke,
Which the beating of the foaming waves can brook.
From hence, when I beheld thy ſhip was comming,
Into the ſea I preſently was running:
But ſtanding ſtill, at length I might diſcerne
A purple flag, which waved on the ſterne.

Then whether it were thy ſhip I did doubt,
Becauſe ſuch colours thou didſt not put out.
But when thy ſhip to ſhoare did nearer ſtand,
And a faire gale did bring it cloſe to land,
A womans face I ſtraightway did behold,
Which made my heart to tremble, and wax cold.
And while I ſtood doating there, I might eſpie
Thy Sweet-heart, that did on thy boſome lye.
O then I wept, my breaſt I ſtrooke, and beat
And toare my cheeks, that with my teares were wet;
Filling the Mountaine *Ida* with my cries;
And there I did bewaile my miſeries.
May *Hellena* at laſt ſo weepe, ſo grieve,
When thou doſt falſely her forſake and leave:
And may ſhe that this wrong to me doth offer?
Be wrong'd in the like kinde, and like wrong ſuffer.
When thou wert poore, and ledd'ſt a Shepherds life,
None but *Oenone* was thy loving wife.
'Tis not thy wealth, nor ſtate, that I admire;
Nor to be *Priams* daughter do I deſire:
Yet *Priam*, nor his *Hecuba*, need diſdaine
Me for their daughter, ſince I worthy am.
I am fit to be a Princeſſe, to command,
A royall Scepter would become my hand.
Deſpiſe me not, becauſe that I with thee
Have laine under ſome ſhady Beechen-tree:
For I am fitter for thy royall bed,
When it with purple Quilts is covered.
Laſtly, my Love is ſafeſt, ſince for me
No wars ſhall follow, nor no Fleet ſhall be
Sent forth; but if thou *Hellena* do take,
She ſhall by force of armes be fetched back.
Bloud is the portion which thou ſhalt obtaine,
If thou doſt marry with this ſtately Dame.

Aske

Aske *Hector* and *Deiphobus*, if ſhe
Should not unto the *Greeks* reſtored be:
Ask *Priam*, and *Antenor* wiſe and grave;
Who by their age much deepe experience have.
For to prefer a beautious rape, before
Thy Countrey, muſt be bad and baſe all o're;
Since to defend a bad cauſe is a ſhame.
But her Husband ſhall juſt wars 'gainſt thee maintaine
Nor think that *Helena* faithfull will become,
Who was ſo quickly woo'd, ſo quickly won.
As *Menelaus* grieves, becauſe that ſhe
Hath with a ſtranger, by adulterie
Wrong'd the chaſte rites of his Nuptiall-bed,
And let a ſtranger ſo adhorne his head:
So thou wilt then confeſſe, no Art, or coſt,
Can purchaſe honeſty, that once is loſt.
She that is bad once, will in bad perſever,
And being bad once, will be bad for ever.
As ſhe loves thee, ſo ſhe before did love
Menelaus, unto whom ſhe falſe did prove.
Thou might'ſt have beene more faithfull unto me,
As thy Brother was to faire *Andromache*.
Thou art lighter than dry leaves, which when they be
Sapleſſe, and wither'd, fall downe from the tree.
But thou art lighter than dry leaves, which be
By every wanton wind blowne off the tree:
Or like the waving corne, which every whiffe
Of wind doth bend, untill it grow more ſtiffe.
Thy Cozen once (for I remember't well)
With diſhevell'd haire did thus my fate foretell:
What do'ſt thou *Oenone*? Why do'ſt thou ſowe
The barren ſands? Or why do'ſt thou goe
About to plough the ſhoare; it is in vaine;
Such fruitleſſe tillage can yeeld thee no gaine.

Grecian Maide is comming, that ſhall be,
tall unto thy Countrey, and to thee.
nd may the ſhip be drown'd in the ſalt flood,
hoſe ſad arrivall ſhall coſt ſo much bloud.
hen he had ſaid thus, ſtraight my flaxen haire
egan to heave, and ſtand upright for feare.
las, thou wert too true a Propheteſſe,
r ſhe is come, and doth my place poſſeſſe.
et ſhe is but a faire adultereſſe,
ho with a ſtrangers love was ſo ſoone took;
nd for his ſake, her Countrey hath forſook.
eſides, one *Theſeus* (though I know not whom)
rought her out of her countrey long agone:
nd canſt thou think, an amorous Young-man
ould ſend her a pure Virgin back againe?
thou would'ſt know how I theſe truths diſcry,
is my love, love doth in all things pry.
f thou call'ſt her fault a rape, yet that name
ay ſeeme to hide her fault, but not her ſhame.
nce ſhe ſo often from her Countrey went,
Twas not by violence, but by her conſent.
hough by deceit thou mee inſtructed haſt,
et *Oenone* ſtill remaineth chaſte.
hid me in the woods, while the wanton rout
f nimble Satyrs ſought to finde me out:
nd horned Fawnes, with wreaths of ſharp Pine crown'd,
ver the Mountaine *Ida* ſought me round.
or great *Apollo* that protecteth *Troy*,
he ſpoiles of my virginity did enjoy,
y force againſt my will, for which diſgrace
teare my guiltleſſe haire, and ſcratch my face.
et neither pretious ſtones could me intice,
or gold, for I ſet on my ſelfe no price.
hee hath wit, and ingenuitie,

Seemeth

Seemeth for gifts to sell virginity.
Apollo thought me worthy to impart
To me the skill of Physick, and his Art:
The vertue of all Hearbs he did reveale
To me, and shew'd what Herbs have power to heale.
Wo's me, that no powerfull Herb is found,
That can recure loves inward bleeding wound.
Since great *Apollo*, who did first invent
The art of Physick, yet for my sake went
And kept *Admetus* Oxen; for the flame
Of my love turn'd him to a Shepherd Swaine.
Though *Apollo's* art, nor Herbs, cannot releeve me;
Yet thou can'st helpe me, and some comfort give me.
Thou canst: O then have pitty on a Maid;
For me the Grecians shall not thee invade.
As from thy blooming yeeres, and childish time
I have beene, so let me remaine still thine:

Oenone,

The Argument of the sixth Epistle.

The Oracle had told *Pelias* the Son of *Neptune*, that he should be neere his death, when, as he was sacrificing to his Father, one should come to him with one foot naked, and bare. As hee was performing his yeerely Sacrifice, *Iason* Son to *Æson*, and his Nephew, having left one of his shooes sticking in the mud of the River *Anaurus*, hasting to the Sacrifice, meets him with one foot naked. *Pelias* remembring the Oracle, perswades *Iason* to go to *Colchos*, to fetch the golden Fleece, hoping his destruction by the impossibility of the attempt. But courageous *Iason* willingly undertooke the voiage, and so accompanied with many Grecian Nobles, he set forth in the Ship *Argo*, from *Pegasus* a Haven of *Thessaly*, and sailed to the Isle *Lemnos*: where when the Women consented to kill al the Men on one night, *Hypsipyle* who had only preserved her Father *Thoas* alive, then reigned, and at board & bed kindly entertained *Iason*. But after two yeeres, the time and importunity of his company urging him to proceed in his intended attempt, hee leaves *Hypsipyle* with childe, and sailes to *Colchos*: where by *Medeas* Art having charmed the Dragon fast asleepe, and overcome the fierce Buls, hee brought away the golden Fleece, and *Medea*. *Hypsipyle* being grev'd that *Medea* was preferred before her, in this Epistle gratulates *Iason's* returne, railes on *Medeas* cruelty and witchcraft, to make her contemptible: and lastly curses both *Iason* and *Medea*.

HYPSIPYLE *to* IASON.

TO *Thessaly* thou art return'd againe,
Rich in the golden Fleece, which thou did'st gaine.
I am glad tho'art well, yet it were better,
If I had heard of thy health by thy Letter.

It may be, that the wind did not ſtand faire,
That to my Kingdome thou could'ſt not repaire;
And yet, although contrary winds ſtood croſſe,
To venture a Letter had beene no loſſe.
Hypſipyle had deſerv'd thy ſalutations,
Sent in a Letter of kind commendations.
I heard not by thy Letters, but by fame,
That thou did'ſt *Mars* his ſacred Oxen tame;
And how the Dragons teeth being ſow'd, did bring
Forth armed men, which from the earth did ſpring,
In whoſe bloud thou did'ſt not thy hand imbrew,
For thoſe Sons of Earth one another ſlew.
And from the watchfull Dragon, while he ſlept,
Thou took'ſt the golden fleece which he had kept.
What ſudden joy had I conceiv'd at it,
If thou this joyfull newes to me had'ſt writ?
Of thy unkindneſſe why do I complaine?
I feare thou do'ſt my former love diſdaine.
A barbarous Enchauntreſſe thou haſt brought,
And her more worthy of thy love haſt thought.
Love ſoone beleeves, yet I wiſh, I may be
Cenſur'd for raſhneſſe in accuſing thee.
From *Theſſaly* a ſtranger came of late,
And as ſoone as he was come to my gate,
I askt him how my *Iaſon* did, he ſtai'd
Looking downe on the ground, no anſwer made.
Straitway into a paſſion I did breake,
Tearing my garments, and thus I did ſpeak:
Tell me if that my *Iaſon* live, that I,
If he be dead, may follow him and die.
He lives, ſaies he, and yet through loving feare
I ſcarce beleev'd him, though that he did ſweare.
But when my doubtfull mind his words beleev'd,
I askt, what valiant deeds thou hadſt atchiev'd?

Then he related the whole story, how
Thou mad'st the brazen-hoofed Oxen plough:
How from the Dragons teeth on the earth sow'd,
A harvest of brave armed Souldiers grow'd;
Which earth-sprung men did straight-way fall at jars,
And slew each other in their civill wars:
And that thou had'st kill'd the Dragon, when I heard
These deeds of thine, againe I grew affear'd.
Againe I asked him, if *Iason* live,
His words through feare, I hardly could beleeve.
Yet by the carriage of his speech I found,
Thy unkindnesse had given me a wound.
Where are thy promises? those mariage bands?
Which once did joyne our loving heart, and hands?
Or where is *Hymens* Torch that burnt so bright?
Fitter to have beene a sad Funerall light.
I was no Whore, *Iuno* and *Hymen* too
At our glad Nuptialls themselves did shew.
Not *Iuno*, nor *Hymen*, when we did marry,
But *Erynnis* did the fatall Torches carry.
The *Thessalians* and *Minyans* strangers were
To me, and why did *Typhis* put in here
His Ship? Here is no wealthy Ram doth beare
A golden fleece upon his back, nor here
Doth old *Æte's* lofty palace stand,
This *Lemnos* is a little small Island.
I had resolv'd (but fate did it withstand)
To drive thee hence with a Feminine band.
Though the *Lemnian* women had their husbands kill'd,
I thought 'twas pitty thy bloud should be spill'd.
Thy first sight in me such a liking bred,
That I entertain'd thee at board and bed.
And thou two Summers with me stayed'st here,
And while two Winters also passed were.

And the third yeere, when thou didst saile away,
With weeping teares unto me thou didst say,
Hypsipyle, though I am forc'd to go
And leave thee here, yet I would have thee know,
That till I do returne againe, I'le be
Alwayes a faithfull Husband unto thee.
And may that prosper which is in thy wombe,
To make me a glad parent when I come;
Then downe thy face thy cunning teares did fall,
The rest for griefe thou could'st not speak at all:
Of all thy company, thou went'st last of all
Aboard the ship which thou didst *Argo* call;
Away it flies, when once the hollow saile,
Was driven forward with a lusty gale;
And while thy ship the blew waves passed o're,
I lookt unto the sea, thou to the shoare.
And then unto my Turret I did go,
While teares did downe my cheeks and bosome flow:
I looked through my teares, and they did seeme,
As if they watry perspectives had beene:
For through them me thought that I could view,
Things farther off than I was wont to doe.
Then I made vowes, and I did chastly pray,
For thy returne, which vowes I now should pay.
But shall I pay vowes for *Medea's* good?
Love mixt with anger doth enrage my bloud.
Because I have lost *Iason* that doth live,
Shall I Sacrifices onth' Altar give?
I must confesse I alwaies was afraid,
Lest thou should'st marry some young Grecian Maid.
I fear'd the Grecian Maids, but thou hast brought
A barbarous Harlot, of whom I ne're thought.
She cannot please thee with her beauteous look,
With her charmes and skill in herbs thou art took.

For from her Spheare ſhe can call downe the Moone,
And hide in clouds the Horſes of the Sunne:
She can make Rivers ſtay their haſty courſe,
And make greene Woods and ſtones remove by force.
Vnto the graves with looſened haire ſhe comes,
And out of the warme aſhes gathers bones.
When ſhe would bewitch another, ſhe doth frame
In wax his picture, and t'increaſe his paine,
In the heart of it ſmall needles doth ſtick,
Which maketh his owne heart to ake and prick.
And by her curſed charmes ſhe can force love,
Which beauty and faire vertue ought to move.
How canſt thou then imbrace her with delight?
Or ſleepe ſecurely by her in the night?
But as ſhe did with charmes the Dragon quell,
And Bulls, ſo ſhe hath charm'd thee with a Spell.
Beſides, of glory ſhe will have a ſhare,
Out of thoſe deeds by thee performed were.
And ſome of *Pelius* ſide will thinke each deed
Of thine, did from the force of charmes proceed;
And that though *Iaſon* ſailed unto Greece,
Medea brought away the golden Fleece.
Thy Father and thy Mother both are wroth,
That thou ſhould'ſt bring a wife out of the North.
A husband for her may at home be found,
Or elſe where *Tanais* doth *Scythia* bound.
But *Iaſon* is more fickle than the wind,
And in his words no conſtancy I find.
As thou went'ſt forth, why didſt not come againe?
Comming and going I thy wife remaine.
If nobility of birth can thee content,
King *Thoas* is my father by deſcent.
Bacchus my Vncle is, whoſe wives crowne ſhines;
With ſtars enlightning all the leſſer ſignes.

And fruitfull *Lemnos* shall by Dowry be,
Which thou might'st have if that thou would'st have me.
Iason for my delivery may be glad
Of that sweet burthen which by him I had;
For *Lucina* unto me so kind hath beene,
That I two children unto thee did bring.
They are most like to thee in outward show,
Yet they their fathers falsehood do not know:
These young Embassadours I to thee had sent,
But their step-mother hindered my intent:
I feared fierce *Medea*, whose hands be
Ready to act all kinde of villany.
She that her brothers limbes could peace-meale teare,
Would she have pitty on my children deare?
And yet her charmes have madly blinded thee,
To prefer her before *Hypsipyle*.
She was an adultresse when first she knew thee;
I by chaste mariage was given to thee.
She betrai'd her father, I sav'd mine from death,
She forsooke *Colchos*, but me *Lemnos* hath.
And though her dowry be her wickednesse,
From me she got my Husband nerethelesse.
Iason, I blame the *Lemnian* womans act,
Yet wrong'd sorrow thrusts us on each fact.
Tell me, suppose crosse winds by chance had droven
Thee, and thy company into my Haven,
If with my children I had come to meet thee,
With curses might not I most justly greet thee?
How could'st thou looke upon thy babes or me?
What death deserv'st thou for thy treachery?
To preserve thee it had my mercy beene,
And sure I had, though thou unworthy seeme.
And with the Harlots bloud I would not faile,
To fill my cheeks, which her charmes have made pale.

Medea

Medea to *Medea* I would be,
And furiously revenge my injury.
If great *Jupiter* will my prayer receive,
Like to *Hypsipyle*, so may she grieve.
And since she like a Succubus me wrongs,
May she know what unto my griefes belongs.
And as I am of my husband bereaft,
May she be a widow with two children left.
As to her brother, and her father she
Was cruell, may she to her husband be.
And may she wander, o're Earth, Sea, and Aire
A hated murdresse, and hopelesse, poore, and bare.
Having lost my husband thus I pray beside,
May he live accursed with his wicked Bride.

The Argument of the seventh Epistle.

After the destruction of *Troy*, *Æneas* the Son of *Anchises* and *Venus*, taking his *Penates* or houshold goods with him, goes to sea with twenty ships. Through tempestious weather at sea, he is driven to *Lybia*: where *Dido* (as *Virgill* hath fained) daughter to *Belus*, and wife to *Sychæus Hercules Priest*, leaving *Tyre* for the cruell avarice of her brother *Pigmalion*, who had unawares killed her Husband for his wealth, and built the new City *Carthage*: Shee most magnificently entertained *Æneas* and his Companions, loved him, and enjoyed him: but when *Mercury* admonisht him to depart from *Italy*, which Countrey the Oracle had promised him: *Dido*, having in vaine endeavoured, by intreaty to divert him for his purpose, and stay his journey, being sicke to death, writes unto him, accusing him as the cause of her death.

Dido to Æneas.

As the Swan by *Mæanders* fords doth lye,
In the moist weeds, and sings before she dye:
So I, not hoping to perswade thy stay,
Since one that will not heare me I do pray.
Having lost my credit and virginity;
To lose a few words a small losse will be;
For thy poore *Dido* thou mean'st to forsake,
And unto sea wilt a new voiage make.
Æneas thou wilt needs depart from me,
To finde strange Kingdomes out in *Italy*.
Thou car'st not for new *Carthage*, or my Land,
Whose Scepter I have given into thy hand.

Thou

Carthage Haven

Thou shun'st my countrey, which might be thy owne,
And seek'st a countrey unto thee unknowne.
Which if thou findest out, thou canst not gaine;
For who will suffer a stranger to raigne?
Thou seekest another *Dido*, whom in love
Thou may'st deceive, and false unto her prove;
Or when like unto *Carthage* canst thou build
A Citie, that doth stoare of people yeeld?
All things happen to thee prosperously,
Where wilt thou find so kind a wife as I?
Like a wax taper I burne with desire,
Or like sweet Incense in the funerall;
And still I wish, *Eneas* would but stay,
Eneas I doe thinke on night and day.
He careless of my love, and gifts doth seeme,
Had I beene wise I had not car'd for him.
Yet I cannot hate *Eneas*, although hee
Doth plot some unkind dealing against me.
Of thy unfaithfulnesse I doe complaine,
Having complain'd, I love thee more againe.
Spare me ô *Venus*, since thou art his mother,
Helpe me ô *Cupid*, since thou art his brother.
Soften his heart, that he may milder prove,
And be a Souldier in the Tents of love.
And since to love him I thinke it no shame,
O may he love me with a mutuall flame!
Thou art some false *Eneas* I doe finde,
Thou do'st not beare thy mothers gentle minde.
Stones, Rocks, and Oakes are hard, like to thy brest
More mercilesse than any salvage beast,
Or than the Seas, which winds doe now incense,
Yet with contrary winds thou would'st goe from hence.
Winter to stay thy journey hence assayes,
Looke how the Easterne wind the waves doth raise,

Then

Then to the wind let me beholding be,
Though for thy ſtay I had rather owe to thee.
But I ſee the rugged Seas, and bluſtring wind
More juſt and gentle are, than thy falſe mind.
To untimely death I would not have thee come,
(Although deſerv'd) while thou from me doſt run.
Is thy life ſo cheape, or hatred ſuch at moſt?
That thou wilt leave me, though thy life it coſt?
The winds, and waves their fury will appeaſe,
When *Triton* drives his blew ſteeds o're the Seas.
Would thy affections would change with the wind;
They will, if thou bear'ſt not a cruell mind.
Had'ſt thou not knowyn the Sea, what wold'ſt thou doe
Since having try'd it, thou wilt truſt it too.
Though to weigh Anchor the ſmoth Sea perſwade thee
Yet in the Ocean dangers may invade thee.
The Sea doth favour no unfaithfull men,
But for unfaithfulneſſe doth puniſh them.
Specially ſuch as do their Sweet-hearts wrong,
Since naked *Venus* from the green Sea ſprung.
I take care for him, that would me forſake,
And am afraid the Sea ſhould thee ſhipwrack.
Live, for bad fame is worſe than death can be,
When the world ſhall ſay that thou haſt kill'd me.
Suppoſe a ſtorme at Sea ſhould thee affaile?
Would not thy courage then begin to quaile?
Thy falſe oathes then would come into thy minde,
And *Dido* whom thou kill'dſt by being unkind.
My bloudy ſhape would hidiouſly appeare
Before thy eyes, with looſe long-ſpreading haire
Then thou would'ſt ſay, this thundring ſtorme is ſent
Iuſtly, for my deſerved puniſhment.
Vntill thou may'ſt go ſafely, doe but ſtay,
It would comfort me, if thou would'ſt delay

Thy voyage; ſpare *Aſcanius* thy ſon,
Though I by thee to untimely death doe come.
What have *Aſcanius*, or thoſe gods deſerv'd
Drowning? which were by thee from fire preſerv'd.
But though thou brag'ſt to me, yet I doe feare,
Thy gods and fathers thou did'ſt never beare
Upon thy ſhoulders, through the flaming fire;
But I am jealous that thou wer't a lyar:
For I am not the firſt, whom thou did'ſt wrong,
Or firſt deceive with thy alluring tongue.
Aſcanius mother too by thee was left,
And thy unkindneſſe her of life bereft.
Thou told'ſt me ſo much, which I now believe,
And the ſad ſtory made my heart to grieve;
And that the gods doe hate thee it appeares,
Who haſt wander'd by Sea and Land ſeven yeares.
Droven by ſtormes I did thee entertaine,
And gave thee all, er'e I ſcarce knew thy name
And would that I had onely beene content
To have entertain'd thee, and no farther went.
For I ſhould happy be if Fame would dye,
And never tell how I with thee did lye.
That day was fatall, when a ſhowre us drave
To meete together in a ſilent Cave.
Me thought I heard the Nymphs begin to howle,
The furies at that preſent time did ſcowle.
Now thou do'ſt puniſh me for *Sycheus* ſake,
To whom my faith I then did violate.
And ſure my ghoſt will even bluſh for ſhame,
When after death we two doe meet againe.
Sycheus Statue in a ſacred place
Stands cover'd with leaves, and a woollen caſe;
From whence methought a hollow voice did ſay
And foure times call; *Eliſa* come away.

I come, and yet the fault that I have don
Is the cause that I am so slow to come.
Pardon me, since that no base fellow wrought
My ruine, and this may excuse my fault.
Since he from *Venus* and *Anchises* came,
I hoped that he faithfull would remaine.
And though I err'd, I had a good intent,
Of his fallehood, not my error I repent.
But as at first, so now at last I find,
" That fortune still doth prove to me unkinde.
My brother at the sacred Altar kill'd
My husband, and his bloud for wealth he spill'd;
And after like a banished creature I
From my owne countrey was enforc'd to flye.
Scaping my brother, strangers here receiv'd me,
And bought this land which I would have giv'd thee.
And built this City, compassing it withall,
Even round about with a defensive wall.
Then sudden wars did me straitway invade,
Before that I the City gates had made.
And many Suiters did of me approve,
Who all did come to wooe, and winne my love.
Now to *Hearbus* I yeeld me up at leasure,
Since thou hast obtain'd of me thy owne pleasure.
My brother in my blood desires to staine
His hand, by whom my husband first was slaine.
Eneas doe not thou presume to touch
The Altars of those gods, who would too much
By thy presumptuous prayers be profan'd,
" Lift not unto the gods an impure hand.
For if to worship them thou should'st aspire,
They would be sorry that they scap'd the fire.
And that I am with Childe too it may be,
And that the fruits of love now grow in me.

And as thou hast the mother first undon,
So to untimely death my babe shall come.
So that *Ascanius* his unborne brother
Shall dye, like an unripe fruit in his mother.
But *Mercury* for staying here hath chid thee,
I would he had from comming too forbid thee.
And I doe wish the *Trojans* had ne're found,
Nor landed on the *Carthaginan* ground.
Tost with contrary winds, thou hast long time
Sought that land which *Apollo* did assigne.
To returne to *Troy* thou would'st not take such paine
If *Hector* liv'd, and *Troy* did stand againe.
Thou seek'st not *Simoeis*, but swift *Tybris* River,
And shalt be a stranger when thou commest thither;
Which thou shalt not discover, nor behold,
Vntill perhaps thou art in yeares growne old.
But rather take this Kingdome, and the wealth,
Of *Pigmalion*, as a dowry to my selfe.
Let ancient *Troy* in Carthage now remaine,
Take thou the royall Scepter, and here raigne.
If thou, or else thy young son *Iulus* are
Desirous, to get honour by the war;
Heere thou shalt find a foe to overcome,
For sometimes the red colours, and the drum
Doe banish peace, therefore I intreate of thee,
As thou lov'st thy Country gods, and company;
Spare me; I beg it by thy brothers darts,
Young *Cupid*, that doth wound all mortall hearts.
So may thy Trojans still victorious be,
And *Troys* destruction end thy misery.
So may *Ascanius* in his youth be blest,
So may *Anchises* bones still softly rest.
Though I offer thee my selfe, do not reject me;
What is my fault, but that I doe affect thee?

I am not come of the *Mycenian* bloud,
By friends, or father thou art not withstood.
Or if to call me wife thou do'st disdaine,
Call me thy Hostesse, I will take that name.
Or with any other name thou shal't assigne,
I am content, so *Dido* may be thine.
I know the Seas, that beate the *Affrick* shoure,
At certaine seasons may be passed ore.
When the wind stands faire, thou wilt saile away,
Now thy ships in the weedy haven stay.
The time of thy departure let me know,
Ile not stay thee, if thou desir'st to goe.
But yet thy company desire some rest,
To tig, and trim thy torne ships were best.
O if I have deserved any way
Of thee, I beg of thee a while to stay:
Vntill the Sea grow calme, and till my love
By use of time more temperate doe prove.
That I may learne, by length of time to be
Valiant, in suffering of adversity.
If not, to kill my selfe is my intent,
If to be cruell to me thou are bent.
For I doe wish, thou could'st behold or see,
In what sad posture I doe write to thee.
One hand to write unto thee doth afford,
The other hand doth hold thy *Trojan* sword.
And downe my cheekes the trickling teares do slide
On the sword, which shall with my bloud be dy'd.
It was thy fatall gift, and it may be
To send me to my grave, thou gav'st it me.
And though this first doe wound my outward part,
Yet cruell love long since did wound my heart.
O sister Anna, thou that counsell'dst me
To yeeld to love, shalt now my funerall see.

On th' urne, to which my ashes they commit,
Elisa wife to *Sichæus* shall be writ.
And these two verses shall engraven be
Upon the marble that doth cover me.
Æneas did to me my death afford,
For *Dido* kill'd her-selfe with his owne sword

The Argument of the eighth Epistle.

Hermione the daughter of *Menelaus* and *Helena*, was by *Tyndarus* her Grandfather by the mother side, to whom *Menelaus* had committed the government of his house, while he went to *Troy*, betrothed to *Orestes*, the sonne of *Agamemnon* and *Clytemnestra*. Her father *Menelaus* not knowing thereof, had betroathed her to *Pyrrhus* the son of *Achilles*, who at last returning from the *Trojan* wars stole away *Hermione*. But she hating *Pyrrhus*, and loving *Orestes*, admonishes him by this letter, that she might bee easily taken from *Pyrrhus*; and shee obtained her desire. For *Orestes* being freed from his madnesse, for murdering *Ægisthus* and his mother, hee slew *Pyrrhus* in *Apollo's* Temple, and tooke her againe.

Hermione to Orestes.

HErmione writes to him that was of late
Her husband, now an others wife by fate.
Pyrrhus, *Achilles* stout son takes delight
To keepe me from thee, against law and right.
I did strive with him, but my force did faile,
A womans strength could not gainst him prevaile.
Pyrrhus, quoth I, what do'st thou doe? ere long,
My Lord on thee will sure revenge this wrong.

But

But of *Orestes* name he would not heare,
But dragg'd me home even by my loosen'd haire.
Should the barbarous foe *Lacedemon* take,
He could but thus of me a captive make.
And conquering *Greece* us'd not *Andromache*,
When they set fire on *Troy*, as he us'd me.
But *Orestes* if tho' art toucht with this dispite
Then fetch me back againe, I am thy right.
To fetch thy stollen cattell thou wilt go,
Why then to fetch thy wife art thou so slowe?
By thy father why do'st not example take?
Who by a just war did his wife fetch back.
Had he led in his Court an idle life,
Thy mother then had beene young Paris wife.
If thou doe come thou need'st not to provide
A fleete, or store of Souldiers beside;
Yet so I might be fetched backe againe,
A husband for his wife may war maintaine.
And *Atreus* was Vncle unto eather
So that thou art my husband and my brother.
O husband then, and brother, helpe thou me,
For these two names implore some helpe of thee.
My grandfather *Tyndarus* grave in his life,
Deliver'd me unto thee as thy wife:
My father unto *Pyrrhus* promis'd me,
But my grandfather should dispose of me.
When I marryed thee, I did to none belong,
If *Pyrrhus* marry me, he doth thee wrong.
My father will let us love, and enjoy,
For he was wounded by the winged boy.
And will permit us to love one another
In like sort as he did love my mother.
As he my mothers husband was, thou art
My husband, *Pyrrhus* playeth *Paris* part.

Though he boast deeds were by his father done,
Thy father by his actions fame hath wonne.
Achilles did for a common Souldier stand,
But *Agamemnon* Captaines did command.
Pelops, and his father thy Ancestors were,
Thou art but five descents from *Iupiter*.
Nor did'st thou courage want, though thou did'st kill
Thy father, and his pretious bloud did'st spill.
Would thy valour had beene happilier employ'd,
Though he were unwillingly by thee destroy'd.
For thou *Aegisthus* kill'dst unluckily,
And did'st fulfill thy hapleſſe fate thereby.
When *Achilles* urgeth this one fault of thine,
And before me doth make it a great crime.
My blushing colour, and my heart doth rise,
And my old love revives, and glowing lyes
Within my breſt, if that *Orestes* be,
By any, one accus'd to *Hermione*.
For then I have no strength in any part,
As if a sword were thrust into my heart.
I weepe, and then my teares my anger show,
Which like two Rivers down my bosome flowe.
Plenty of teares I onely have, which rise,
Wetting my cheekes from the springs of my eyes.
And this sad fate, which happens unto me,
Hath beene the fortune of our family.
I needs not tell how *Iupiter* became,
To deceive us, a faire and milke-white Swan.
Or how *Hippodamia* in a strangers Chariot,
Over the *Hellespont* was swiftly carried.
My mother *Helen* in *Paris* tooke delight,
For whom the *Grecians* ten whole yeares did fight.
My Grandfather, my Sister, and each brother
Began to weepe, for the losse of my mother.

And *Leda* did her earnest prayers prefer
Vnto the gods, and to her *Iupiter*.
While I did teare my haire, and to her cry'd,
Mother, must I without you here abide?
And lest that I should not be thought to be,
Of *Pelous* most unhappy progeny.
My mother being with *Paris* gon away,
I unto *Pyrrhus* was soone made a prey.
If *Achilles* had escap'd *Appolle's* bow,
He would have then condemn'd his son I know.
He knew by *Briseis* losse, which he could not brooke,
That from their husbands wives should not bee tooke.
Why are the gods thus cruell unto me?
What sad star rul'd at my Nativity?
For in my younger yeares I was bereft
Of my mother, and was of my father left,
Who went unto the wars, yet ne'rtheleſſe
Although they liv'd, yet I was Parentleſſe.
Nor could delight my mother, as you see
Children will doe, with stammering flattery.
Nor round about her neck my weake armes clap,
While she would fondly set me on her lap.
Nor did she teach me how to dresse my head,
Nor did she bring me to my marriage bed.
For when she did returne (truth I'le not smother)
I did not know her then to be my mother.
I knew that she was *Helen* by her beauty,
She knew not me when as I did my duty.
Mongst all these miseries *I* most happy am,
That *Orestes* for my husband I did gaine.
Yet he, alasse, shall from me taken be,
Vnleſſe he doe fight for himselfe and me.
Pyrrhus hath tooke me, and doth me enjoy.
This is all I got by the fall of *Troy*.

Ye

Yet while the Sun with his bright rayes doth shine,
My sorrowes are more gentle all that time.
But when at night, with griefe I goe to bed,
And on my pillow rest my weary head,
Then teares, when I should entertaine soft sleepe,
Spring in my eyes, and I begin to weepe.
And from my husbands side as farre off lye,
As if he were to me an enemy.
Sometimes through griefe forgetting where I am,
I have toucht some part of *Pyrrhus*, and againe
I have pluckt back my hand, for I did grutch,
That I his body with my hand should touch.
Such was my hatred, that I did esteeme
My hands by touching him, had polluted beene.
And it doth often chance, that I doe call
Pyrrhus, *Orestes*, and it doth befall
I love my error, as a signe of luck,
When I have thy name, for his name mistook.
By *Iupiter*, from whom our house did rise,
Who ruleth both the Sea, the Land, and Skies,
I pray by thy fathers, and thy Vncles bones,
Which doe rest underneath their marble stones,
That I may presently resigne my life,
Or else may be once more *Orestes* wife.

The Argument of the ninth Epistle.

Iupiter having joyned three nights in one, begot *Hercules* on *Alcumena*, in the shape of her husband *Amphitrio*: *Eurystheus* King of the *Mycenians*, by *Iuno's* subtilty, perswades him to attempt difficult labours, so to endanger his life. Yet he by strength and pollicy, alwayes got the victory; and to obtaine *Dejanira* his wife, *Achelous* a River of *Ætolia*, after many changes of shape he overthrew in the figure of a Bull, yet though he overcame many monsters he was overcome by love. For *Eurystheus* King *Oechalia* denying him his daughter *Iole* formerly promised him, he took his City, slew *Eurytus* and obtained *Iole*, with whose love he was so blinded, that at her command he layd by his Lions skin, and Club, and putting on Womens cloathes, sat and spun amongst her Mayds: and was as subject to *Iole* as he had been to *Omphale* Queen of *Lydia*, on whom he begot *Lemus*. His wife *Dejanira* Daughter of *Oeneus* King of *Calydon*, understanding his base and servil dotage, writes to him and layes before him his former worthy acts, that his present disgrace by comparison with them, might appeare more to the life. But as she was writing, she understood of *Hercules* suffering, by this thinke she had sent him death in the bloud of the *Centaure Nessus*, to restraine him from wanton affection (for so *Nessus* had perswaded her, whom in passing over the River *Euenus*, *Hercules* slew with a poyson'd arrow) becomes much grieved hereat, shee cleares her selfe that shee did not thereby intend his destruction, but the regaining of his love, and concludes with a *Tragicall* resolution.

Dejanira to *Hercules*.

I am glad thou *Oechalia* hast wonne,
For husbands honour doth the wives become.
But am sorry that a Captives beutious looke,
Should take thee conquerer, that had her took.

When

When Fame the sad report at first did bring,
To the great Cities on her nimble wing?
Methought this action was not of the colour
Of those brave deeds, which shew thy glory fuller?
Whom *Iuno*, nor her labours ever broke,
Iole makes him yeeld unto her yoake.
Eurystheus is glad, and *Iupiters* Wife,
To see this action blot thy faire spent life.
Nor can I thinke three nights were joyn'd in one
At thy begetting or conception.
Venus is worse than *Iuno* thy step-dame,
For by oppressing thee she rais'd thy fame.
But *Venus* makes thee basely thinke it meete,
To put thy humble neck beneath her feete.
The world, inviron'd round with the blew Seas,
Was setled by thy conquering hand in peace.
By which both Sea, and Land enjoy sweete rest,
Thy fame is spred abroad from East to West.
Hercules strength, and *Atlas'as* were even,
For *Hercules*, and *Atlas* bore up heaven.
But if with lust thy former deeds thou staine,
Thy glory turneth to thy greater shame.
In thy Cradle thou wert like unto thy father,
When thou did'st strangle two Snakes joyn'd together.
Thy child-hood, and thy man-hood I doe see,
Be far unlike, and far most different be.
Thy beginning was far better, than thy end,
The last act of thy life doth most offend.
Wild beasts, and enemies thou could'st overcome,
But Love the victory o're thee hath wonne.
Some thinke I am well marryed, because I am
Wife to great *Hercules*, that very name
Is happinesse, besides my father in law
Is *Iove*, whose thunder keepes the world in awe.

But I am over-matched with three now,
Two unequall Oxen awkwardly doe plowe.
Thy honour like a burthen I doe carry,
"She's fitly matcht, that doth her equall marry.
For *Hercules* is absent from me still,
While he fierce monsters, and wild beasts doth kill.
Thus widdowed, I offer sacrifice
Lest thou should'st be slaine by thy enemies.
Methinkes I see how thou do'st take delight
With Serpents, Boares, and Lions still to fight.
Strang visions in my sleepe to me appeare,
And my dreames often put me in a feare.
Sometimes I doe believe the common fame,
Sometime I hope, sometimes I feare againe.
My mother is from home, and doth complaine,
Because her beauty did a god enflame.
Amphytryo thy own father is from home,
And little *Hyllus* also thy young son.
I onely doe perceive *Eurysthens* hath
Made thee a sacrifice to *Iuno's* wrath.
To performe labours he did thee perswade,
Which don, the goddesse wrath is not allay'd.
And to encrease my griefe, thou do'st approve
A captive Mayd, who is become thy love.
I will not mention how thou did'st dally
With *Ange*, in the sweet *Barthenian* vally.
Or how the nimph *Ormenis* was defil'd,
And wantonly by thee was got with child:
Nor will I urge it as a fault, not I,
Thou did'st with *Thespius* fifty daughters lye.
That which grievs me was thy adultery,
Which thou committedst with thy *Omphale*.
And on her did'st beget a bastard son,
To whom I must a mother in law become.

The

The winding River which they call *Meander*,
Who in his turning bankes about doth wander,
Hath seene when *Hercules* a fine chaine wore
On those shoulders which heavens weight once bore.
Did'st thou not blush to weare a golden twist?
Or bracelet made of pearle about thy wrist?
Or that a golden bracelet should containe
Thy brawny armes, which had so stoutly slaine
The *Nemean* Lion, whose ruffe shaggy hide
Thou did'st weare on thy shoulder, and left side?
Nay besides this thou did'st descend to weare
A Coife, or Kerchife on thy stubborne haire.
It were more fit thy Temples had beene crown'd
With victorious wreaths, than with a fillet bound.
Yet as if thou wert some young girle, thou hast
Worne *Omphala's* girdle round about thy waste,
Thou thought'st not of fierie *Diomed* as then,
Who fed his horses with the flesh of men.
Had *Busius* seene thee dreſt thus, he would be
Asham'd that he had beene o'ercome by thee.
Anteus may knocke off his bolts, and chaine,
And set his neck at liberty againe,
For what captive is there with patience can,
Suffer under such an effeminate man?
Besides, amongst the *Grecian* Mayds (tis said)
That thou did'st sit, and spin, and wert afraid,
Least thy Mistresse *Omphale*, when she espi'd thee,
Idle by chance, should frowne on thee, and chide thee.
And thy victorious hands did not then scorne
To spin, which once such labours did performe.
For thou did'st draw the thred with thy huge Thumb,
And gav'st account at night, what thou had'st spun.
Somtimes as thou sat'st spinning, thou hast broke
With boysterous handling, both thy wheele and rock.

And like a poore unhappy wretch, 'tis said,
That of thy Mistresse thou wert so affraid,
That if she chid thee, thou would'st trembling stand,
For feare of swadling with a Holly wand.
And to win her favour, thou would'st often tell
Of thy labours, which thou ought'st to conceale.
Discoursing unto her how thou hadst wonne
Much honour, by those deeds which thou hadst done.
How in thy childe-hood thou didst boldly teare
The *Hydra's* speckled jawes, which hideous were.
How thou didst kill the *Erimanthean* Boare,
Which on the ground lay weltring in his goare.
And then of *Diomades* didst relate,
Who nail'd the heads of men upon his gate;
Fatting his pamper'd Horses with their flesh,
Vntill thou didst his cruelty suppresse;
And how thou hadst the monster *Cacus* slaine,
That kept his flocks upon the hils of *Spaine*;
And of three-headed *Cerberus* thou didst tell,
Who by his snaky haire thou dragd'st from hell:
And how the *Hydra* by thy hand was slaine,
Whose heads being lopt of would grow forth againe.
And of *Anteus*, whom thou crusht to death
Betweene thy armes, and didst squeeze out his breath.
And how the *Centaures* thou subdud'st by force,
That were halfe Men, and halfe like to a Horse.
When thou wert in soft silken robes arrai'd,
To tell these stories wert not thou dismai'd?
Didst thou think whil'st thou didst thy labours tell,
That a Womans habit did become thee well?
While *Omphale* hath tooke thy Lions skin
Away from thee, and dreft herselfe therein.
To boast now of thy valour it is vaine,
For *Omphale* in thy stead playes the man:

For

For she in valour doth exceed thee farre,
Since she hath conquered the conquerour.
And by subjecting thee, she now hath won
The glory, which did unto thee belong.
O shame to thinke! the skin which thou didst teare
Off the Lions ribs, thy *Omphale* doth weare.
Thou art deceiv'd, 'tis not the Lions spoile,
Thou foil'st the Lion, she thy selfe doth foile.
And she that only knoweth how to spin,
To weare thy weapons also doth begin.
She takes thy conquering Club into her hand,
And afterwards before her glasse will stand
Viewing her selfe, to see what she hath done,
If that her Husbands weapons her become.
I could not beleeve, when I heard it said,
The sad report unto my heart convei'd
Much griefe, but now my wretched eyes beheld
The Harlot *Iole*, that thy courage quell'd.
Such are my wrongs, that I must needs reveale,
My griefe and sorrow I cannot conceale.
Thou brought'st her through the Citie in despight,
Because I should behold the hated sight;
Not like a Captive, with her haire unbound,
And a dejected looke fixt on the ground,
But of rich cloth of gold her garments were,
Such as thy selfe in *Phrygia* did weare.
She in her passage graciously did looke
On the people, as if she had *Hercules* tooke.
As if her father liv'd, and did command
Oechalia, which was rased by thy hand.
Dejanira it may be thou wilt forsake,
And of thy former whore a wife wilt make;
So that *Hymen* shall both joyne the heart and hands
Of *Hercules* and *Iole* in his bands.

When

When in my mind these passages I behold,
My hands and limbes, with feare grow stiffe and cold.
In me thou formerly didst take delight,
And for my sake two severall times didst fight.
Plucking off *Achelous* horne, who after
Did hide his head in his owne muddy water.
And *Nessus* was slaine by the poison'd head
Of thy arrow, whose bloud dy'd the River red.
But O alasse, I heare abroad by fame,
Thou art tormented with much griefe and paine,
By the shirt dipt in his bloud, which I sent thee,
But yet indeed no harme at all I meant thee.
If it be so, then what am I become?
What is it that my furious love hath done?
O *Dejanira* straight resolve to dye,
So end at once thy griefe and misery.
Shall this same poison'd shirt teare off his skin?
And wilt thou live, that hast the causer bin
Of all his torment? No, though not my life,
My death shall shew that I was *Hercules* wife.
And *Meleager* I will shew thereby
My selfe thy Sister, I'me resolv'd to dye.
O unhappy fate? *Oeneus* royall throne
(My Father who is very aged growne)
Agrius hath, *Tydius* in forraine land
Doth wander still, and in the fatall brand
Meleagar perish'd, and my mother kill'd
Her selfe, and with her hand her owne bloud spil'd.
Then why doth *Dejanira* doubt to dye?
And so conclude this wicked Tragedie?
Yet this one suit to thee I only move;
And beg it of thee for our former love;
That thou would'st not beleeve, or thinke I meant
To procure thy death, by that gift I sent.

For

For when the cruell centaure bleeding lay
With thy arrow in his brest, he then did say,
This bloud, if thou the vertue of it prove,
Will cause affection, and procure true love.
But now his treachery I have understood,
For I dipt a shirt into his poison'd bloud,
And sent it, which hath caus'd thy misery;
O *Dejanira* strait resolve to dye.
Farewell my Father, *George* too farewell,
Farewell my Brother and Countrey where I dwell.
And I do bid farewell to the day-light,
Of which my eyes shall never more have sight.
Farewell to *Hyllus* my young little son,
Farewell my husband, Death, I come, I come.

The Argument of the tenth Epistle.

Minos the ſon of *Iupiter* and *Europa*, becauſe the *Athenians* ha treacherouſly ſlaine his ſon *Androgeus*, enforced them by a ſtra war to ſend him every yeere as a tribute, ſeven Young Men, an as many Young Virgins, to be devoured by the *Minotaure*, whic by *Dedalus* Art *Paſiphae* had by a Bull, while her husband *Min* was at the *Athenian* wars. The lot falling on *Theſeus*, hee we ſent amongſt the reſt, but *Ariadne* inſtructed him how to kil the *Minotaure*, and returne againe out of the Laborinth, a *Catullus* ſaith,

Errabunda regens tenui veſtigia filo.
Guiding his ſteps, which ſhe led,
By a Clue of ſlender threed.

Afterward *Theſeus* departing from *Creete* with *Ariadne* and *Phedra*, he arriv'd at the Iſle *Naxos*, where *Bacchus* admoniſh him to leave *Ariadne*, & he accordingly left her when ſhe was faſt aſleepe. Aſſoone as ſhe awaked, ſhe writ this Letter, complain ing of *Theſeus* cruelty and ingratitude, and in a pitifull man ner intreats him to come backe againe, and take her into his Ship.

Ariadne to *Theſeus*.

I Have found all kinds of beaſts much more milde
And gentle than thy ſelfe, who haſt beguil'd
My truſt, for it had beene ſafer for me,
To have beleev'd a ſalvage beaſt, than thee.
This Letter, *Theſeus*, from thence doth come,
Where thou didſt leave me, and away didſt run;
When I was faſt aſleepe, then thou didſt leave me,
Watching that opportunity to deceive me:
It was at that time, when the heavens ſtrew
Vpon the earth their ſweet and pearly dew.

And

And the first waking birds did now begin,
In the coole boughs to tune their notes and sing:
I beeing halfe asleepe, and halfe awake,
Yet so much knowledge had, that for thy sake,
With my hand I felt about thy warme place,
Thinking indeed my *Theseus* to imbrace:
I felt about the bed, but he was gone,
I felt about againe, but there was none.
Then with my wretched hand I strook my breast,
And toare my loosen'd haire, that was undrest.
The Moone shin'd bright, so that I looked o're
To sea-ward, but saw nothing but the shoare.
Now here, and there confusedly I ran,
The heavie sand did my swift feet detaine:
At last I called *Theseus* on the shoare;
The hollow Rocks thy Name did back restore.
The eccho call'd as many times as I,
And seem'd to helpe me in my misery.
There was a Mountaine rope with some few bushes,
Vnder whose rocky sides the Sea still rushes:
On it I clamber'd up, love gave me strength,
Whence I could see far unto sea at length
From hence (for I the winds did cruell finde)
Discern'd a Ship that sail'd with the North winde;
I saw it, or I thought I did beholde
It, which did make my heart halfe dead, and colde:
Yet sorrow would not suffer me to lye
Long in this Trance, but comming out of't I
Cry'd out, O *Theseus*! whither dost thou run?
Returne O *Theseus*, and to me backe come.
Turne back thy Ship againe for to take me,
Thou wantest one yet of thy company.
Thus did I cry, and strike my breast betwixt,
While blowes and words were both together mixt.

Though

Though thou could'st not heare me, yet I did stand
Spreading my armes abroad upon the land,
That thou might see me, and a white flag hung
To make thee see me, who from me did'st run.
Thy ship at last did saile quite out of sight,
And then the teares ran downe my cheeks outright.
For how could my sad eyes but chuse to weepe,
After thy sailes out of my sight did slip?
Abroad I wander'd with loose flowing haire,
Like women that by *Bacchus* enrag'd are.
Sometimes I looking unto Sea would sit
On a stone, as void as the stone of wit:
Then to the bed I walkt, where we had laine,
Which never should receive us more againe.
And it a pleasure untome did seeme,
To touch the warme place, where thy limbes had beene
And in the very place I downe would lye,
With weeping teares, and thus begin to cry:
Sweet bed, we both have laine on thee together,
As two lay downe, two should have risen together.
But I on this forsaken Isle am left,
Of men, and all humanity bereft.
The sea encompasseth this Island round,
No ship or Pilot from this Isle is bound:
Suppose I could a ship and wind command,
I dare not saile back to my Fathers land.
Though my ship through the smooth sea did glide on,
And winds stood faire, I am banisht from home,
And from *Creet*, that a hundred Cities had,
Where *Iove* was nursed, when he was a lad.
I betrai'd my father, by that plot I fram'd,
And countrey, where he long uprightly raign'd.
And lest thou in the Laborinth had'st dy'd,
Gave thee a Clue of thread thy steps to guide.

By

By those past dangers thou didst sweare to me,
That thou, while I did live, would'st constant be.
Yet I live, and finde thee false, if't may be said
She lives, that by a false man is betray'd.
Would thy Club had kill'd me as my brother,
Then in my death thou all my wrongs might'st smother.
Now I conceive what I must suffer here,
And what I may endure, both urge my feare.
A thousand shapes of death me thinks I see,
The feare of death is worse than death can be.
Now lest some Wolfe should come, I am in feare,
Who with his greedy teeth my limbes should teare:
Perhaps this land doth yellow Lions breed,
And cruell Tygers from this Isle proceed.
Perhaps great Sea-calves on the shoare abide,
Or else the sword may pierce my tender side.
Or like a Captive I may be imbayn'd,
And unto servile labour be constrain'd:
Whose Father *Minos* was, and whose Mother
Was *Phœbus* daughter, which I need not smother.
And that which rather should remembred be,
That I was once betrothed unto thee.
If I looke to the shoare, the land, or sea,
The sea and land do seeme to threaten mee.
If to heaven, to the gods I dare not pray,
But I am left unto wild beasts a prey.
The men that here inhabit I distrust,
Being deceiv'd by thee my feares are just.
I wish now that *Androgeus* did live,
Whose death occasion of that tax did give.
I wish O *Theseus*, thy club had not slaine
The monsters, halfe a beast, and halfe a man.
Would I had not given thee a clue of threed,
By which thy steps in comming back were led.

I wonder not, thou got'st the victory
Or that this *Cretian* beast was slaine by thee.
Thou hadst an iron breast, which was so arm'd,
So that thou could'st not by his hornes be harm'd.
Sure an obdurate Adamant was in't,
And *Theseus* was all o're as hard as flint.
O cruell sleepe! why did I slumbering lye?
Would I had slept unto eternity.
O cruell winds! why did ye stand so faire?
As if ye did desire to breed my care.
O cruell hand of thine! which hath slaine me,
And my bother by infidelitie.
My sleepe, the wind, and thou did all conspire,
And to betray a maid did all desire.
Now at my death my Mother shall not weepe,
Nor close my eyes up in eternall sleepe.
My hapleſſe ghost shall wander in the aire,
To embalme my body no friend shall care.
Sea-Vultures shall upon my carkase lite,
For I shall have at all no Funerall Rite.
But unto *Atreus* when thou art come home,
Then thou sitting upon thy royall Throne,
Shalt tell how thou the *Minotaure* didst slay,
Out of the Laborinth finding the way;
And tell amongst thy acts, how thou hast left
Me on this Isleland, of all helpe bereft.
Ægeus, nor yet *Æthra* cannot be
Thy Parents, Rocks were Parents unto thee,
If from thy ship-decks thou hadst spied me,
My sad lookes unto pitty had mov'd thee.
Thinke now thou seest me standing on a Rock,
Whose chalkie sides the beating waves do mock.
See how my haire is o're my shoulders spred,
My garments wet with teares, that I have shed.

And how my body trembleth to and fro,
Like ſhaking corne, which the North-winde doth blowe
Or like ſome miſſeſhap'd Letter I do ſtand,
That hath beene written by a trembling hand.
To urge my merit I dare not preſume,
" No thankes are due to ſervice that is done.
Yet there's no reaſon thou ſhould'ſt puniſh me
With death, becauſe from death I ſaved thee.
To thee my hands I heave up, and do ſpred,
Which with beating my breaſt are wearied.
I entreat thee by my haire, which I ſpred,
And by my teares for thy unkindneſſe ſhed,
Turne back thy ſhip, O Theſeus, for my ſake,
Though I am dead my carkaſe with thee take.

The Argument of the eleventh Epistle.

Macareus and *Canace*, the son and daughter of *Æolus*, King of the winds, did love one another, and thinking to colour over their incestuous fault, with naturall affection, *Canace* brought forth a sonne, and sending out of the Court to be nurst abroad, the unhappy infant cryes, and so discovers it selfe to his Grandfather, who incensed with this childrens wickednesse, commanded the innocent Infant to be cast forth unto Dogges; and by one of his guard sent a sword to *Canace*, as a silent remembrance of her desert, wherewith shee kill'd her selfe. Yet before her death, shee declares by this Epistle to *Macareus*, who was fled into the Temple of *Apollo*, her owne misfortune, entreating him to gather up her childes bones, and lay them with hers in the same Vrne or funerall Pitcher.

CANACE to MACAREUS.

IF blotted Letters may be understood,
Receive this Letter blotted with my bloud.
My right hand holds a pen, my left a sword,
My paper lies before me on the board.
Thus *Canace* doth to her brother write.
This posture yeelds my father much delight:
Who I do wish would a spectator be,
As he is Author of my Tragedie.
Yet he fiercer than winds blowing from East,
With dry cheeks would behold my wounded breast.

For ſince to rule the winds he hath commiſſion,
He's of his Subjects cruell diſpoſition.
Over the North and South winds he raignes,
The wings of Eaſt and Weſt winds reſtraines.
And yet although the winds he doth command,
His ſudden anger he cannot withſtand.
The kingdome of the winds he can reſtraine,
« But over his owne vices cannot raigne.
For what although my Anceſtors have beene
Vnto the gods, and *Iupiter* a kinne?
Now in my fearefull hand I hold a ſword,
That fatall guift, which muſt my death afford.
O *Macareus*, would that I had dy'd!
Before we were in cloſe imbraces ty'd.
More than a brother ought I did affect thee,
More than a ſiſter ought thou didſt reſpect me.
For I did feele, how *Cupid* with his dart
(Of whom I oft had heard) did wound my heart.
My colour ſtraitway did wax greene and pale,
My ſtomack to my meat began to faile.
I could not ſleepe, the night did ſeeme a yeere,
I often ſigh'd, when no body did heare,
Yet why I ſigh'd, I no cauſe could ſhow;
I lov'd, and yet what love was did not know.
My old Nurſe found out, how my pulſe did move,
And ſhe firſt told me that I was in love:
But then I bluſhed with a downe-caſt look,
Which ſilent ſignes ſhe for confeſſion took.
But now the burthen of my ſwelling wombe
Grew heavie, being to full ripeneſſe come.
What hearbs and medicines did not ſhe, and I
Vſe, to force abortive deliverie?
Conceal'd from thee? Yet Art could not prevaile,
The quickned child grew ſtrong, our Art did faile.

And now nine Moones were fully gone and past,
The tenth in her bright Chariot made great hast.
I knew not whence my sudden gripes did grow,
Nor what paines belong'd to childbirth did know.
I cri'd out, but my Nurse my words did stay,
And stopt my mouth, as I there crying lay,
What shall I do? gripes force me to complaine,
But my Nurse, and feare crying out restraine.
So that I did suppresse my groanes, and cries,
And dranke the teares that flow'd downe from my eies.
While thus *Lucina* did deny her aid,
Fearing my fault in death should be betrai'd;
Thou by my side most lovingly didst lye,
Tearing thy haire to see my misery;
And with kind words thy sister thou didst cherish,
Praying that two might not at one time perish.
And thou didst put me still in hope of life,
Saying, deere sister thou shalt be my wife.
These words reviu'd me, when I was halfe dead,
So that I presently was brought a bed
Thou didst rejoyce, but feare did me affright,
To hide it from my father *Æolus* sight.
The carefull Nurse the new borne childe did hide
In Olive boughs, with swadling vine leaves ty'd.
And so a solemne Sacrifice did faine,
The people and father beleev'd the same.
Being neere the gate, the childe that did cry,
To his grandfather was betraid thereby;
Æolus tearing forth the childe, descries
Their cunning, and pretented sacrifice.
As the sea trembles when light winds do blow,
Or as an Aspen leafe shakes to and fro,
Even so my pale trembling limbes did make
The bed whereon I lay begin to shake.

He comes to me my fault he doth proclaime,
And he could ſcarce from ſtriking me containe.
I could do nothing elſe but bluſh, and weepe,
My tongue ty'd up with feare, did ſilence keepe.
He commanded, my ſon ſhould be ſtraitway
Caſt forth, and made to beaſt and birds a prey.
And then it cry'd, ſo that you would have thought,
His crying had his Grandfather beſought
To pity him, what griefe it was to me,
Deere brother, you mak gueſſe, when I did ſee,
When I ſaw my childe carried to the Wood,
To feed the mountaine Wolves that live by bloud.
When thus my childe unto the woods was ſent,
My father out of my bed-chamber went.
Then I did beat my tender breaſt at laſt,
And toare my cheeks, his ſentence being paſt.
When ſtraight one of my Fathers Guard came in,
And with a ſad looke did this meſſage bring;
Æolus ſends thee this ſword, and doth deſire
Thee uſe it, as thy merit doth require.
His will (quoth I) be done, I'le uſe his ſword,
My fathers gift ſhall my ſad death afford.
O father, ſhall this ſword the portion be,
And dowry which you meane to give to me?
O *Hymen*; put out thy deceived light,
And now nimbly betake thy ſelfe to flight.
Yea Furies bring your ſmoaky Torches all,
To light the wood at my ſad funerall.
O ſiſters, may you more happily marry
Than I, that by my owne fault did miſcarry.
Yet what could be my new borne babes offence,
Which might his Grandfather ſo much incenſe?
Of death alaſſe, he could not worthy be,
For my offence he's puniſhed for me.

O Son! thou breed'ſt thy mother much annoy,
No ſooner bred, but beaſts do thee deſtroy.
O Son, the pledge of my unhappy love,
One day the day of birth, and death did prove.
I had not time to imbalme thee with teares,
Nor in the funerall fire to throw thy haires.
To give thee one cold kiſſe I had no power,
For the wild greedy beaſts did thee devoure.
But I ſweet childe will ſtraightway dye with thee,
I will not long a childleſſe parent be.
And thou, O brother, ſince it is in vaine
For me to hope, to ſee thee once againe;
Gather the ſmall remainder, which the wilde
And ſalvage beaſts have left of thy young childe.
And with his mothers bones, let them have roome,
Within one Vrne, or in one narrow Tombe.
Weepe at my funerall, who can reprove thee?
For ſhewing love to her that once did love thee.
And here at laſt I do intreat thee ſtill,
To performe thy unhappy ſiſters will;
For I will kill my ſelfe without delay,
And ſo my fathers hard command obey.

Hector
Patroclus

The Argument of the twelfth Epiſtle.

Iaſon being a luſty comely Young-man, aſſoone as he arrived at *Colchos*, *Medea* the Daughter of *Æetes* King of *Colchos* and *Hecate*, fancied and entertained him; and upon promiſe of mariage, inſtructed him how hee ſhould obtaine the booty hee deſir'd. Having gotten the golden fleece, he fled away with *Medea*. Her father *Æta* purſuing after them, ſhee teares in peeces her brother *Abſyrtus* limbs, whom ſhe had taken with her, thereby to ſtay her father while he gathered up his Sonnes bones. And ſo at length ſafely arriving in *Theſſaly*, *Iaſon* renewed his father *Æſons* age, by *Medeas* helpe: who alſo made *Pelias* daughters kill their father. For pretending that ſhe would make him young as ſhee had done *Æſon*, ſhee perſwaded his daughters, with a knife to let out all his black old bloud, that ſhe might infuſe new freſh bloud inſtead thereof. His daughters having done ſo, *Pelias* ſtraightway dyed. *Iaſon* hereupon, or for ſome other cauſe repudiates *Medea*, and marries *Creuſa* the daughter of *Creon* King of *Corinth*. *Medea* herewith enraged writes to *Iaſon*, expoſtulating with him of his ingratitude, and threatens ſpeedy revenge, unleſſe he receive her againe.

MEDEA *to* IASON.

AT that time Queene of *Corinth* I did raigne,
When thou didſt ſeeke by my art helpe to gaine,
I wiſh my threed of life, which then was ſpun
By the three ſiſters, had beene cut and done.
Then might *Medea* have dy'd innocent,
My life ſince then hath beene a puniſhment.
Woo's me, that ere the luſty youth of Greece,
Sail'd hither, for to fetch the golden fleece.

Would *Colchos* never had their *Argos* seene,
Would the Grecians nere on our shoare had beene:
Why was I with thy lovely browne haire tooke?
Or with thy tempting tongue and comely looke?
Or at least when thy ship came to our shoare,
Bringing thy selfe, with gallants many more;
I might have let thee run, and found a death
By those fierie Oxen with their flaming breath.
I might have suffer'd thee to sow that seed,
Whence armed men did spring up and proceed,
That the sower might by his tillage dye,
When each care of corne prov'd an enemie.
They had prevented then thy treachery,
And kept me from griefe and misery.
To upbrade thy ingratitude pleases me,
In this alone I can triumph o're thee.
For when thy ship arrived at the shoare
Of *Colchos*, where it nere had beene before.
And then *Medea* was beloved there
Of thee, as thy new wife's beloved here.
My father was as rich as hers, he raign'd
O're *Corinth*, which twixt two seas is contain'd.
My father possess'd all the land which lay
Betweene *Pontus*, and snowy *Scythia*.
My father did thy Grecians entertaine,
Affording lodging to thee, and thy traine.
I saw thee then, then did of thee enquire,
And then thy love did set my heart on fire.
I saw thee, and that sight to love did turne,
While my heart did like a great Taper burne.
Thy beauty drew me to my destin'd fate,
And thy faire eyes my eyes did captivate.
Which thou perceiv'st, for who can love conceale?
Whose glowing flame doth it own selfe reveale.

My

My father then commanded thee to yoake
Those Oxen, that were to the plough nere broake,
For they were *Mars* his Oxen, whose hornes were
Sharpe, and their breath did like a flame appeare.
They had brasse hooses, and nostrils arm'd with brasse,
Blackt with the breath that through them did passe.
And thou wert bid to sowe in the large field
That seed, which did an armed people yeeld.
Which sprung up, would assaile thee straight againe;
Thou for thy harvest such a crop should'st gaine.
And thy last labour was, to charme asleepe
The Dragon, that the golden fleece did keep.
When *Æetes* said thus, you all straight rose,
And every one much discontentment shewes.
So that you did your purple seats forsake,
And then the Table they away did take.
Great *Creons* daughter thou didst now contemne,
And *Creusas* dowrie could not helpe thee then.
Sadly thou didst depart, and discontent,
Yet my weeping eyes on thee still were bent.
And as thou went'st away, this one word fell,
In a soft murmure from my tongue; Farewell.
And when I went to bed, I never slept,
Wounded with love, all night I griev'd and wept.
The fierce Buls were alwayes before my eyes,
And the arm'd men which from the earth did rise;
And then the watchfull Dragon did affright
My senses, and was still before my sight.
Thus love, and feare my breast at once did trouble,
My love of thee did make my feare to double.
At last it chanc'd that early in the morning,
My loving sister came and found me mourning;
And lying on my face, with all my haire
Loose spred, the pillow wet with many a teare.

She, and two Sisters more did me invade,
With faire entreaties, for to helpe and ayd
Iason, and his *Thessalians*, who did want
My assistance, I in love their suite did grant.
There is a wood so darke with thickle and trees,
That the bright Sun but seldome through it sees.
There doth a Chappell of *Diana's* stand,
Whose golden statue there was rudely fram'd.
I know not whether this place is by thee
Forgotten, as thou hast forgotten me.
We being thither come, thou then did'st breake
Thy mind to me, and thus beganst to speake.
My life, and fortunes are at thy command,
My life, and death are both within thy hand.
You may let me perish, if so you will,
But 'tis more noble to preserve, than kill.
Then by my present sorrowes I entreate,
Which you can ease, if you the word would speake.
By my kindred, and Vncle *Phœbus*, who
Se's all things, that on earth we mortalls doe.
By *Dian's* triple-face, and sacred rites,
And gods wherein this Nation delights.
O Virgin, have some pitty at this time
On me, and make me so for ever thine.
And though I cannot hope the gods should be
So kind, and favourable unto me.
Yet if you would be pleased now to take
A *Thessalian*, and him a husband make,
Then I doe promise, I will faithfull be,
And vow, that I will marry none but thee.
Let *Iuno* be a witnesse to my vow,
And *Dian*, in whose Temple we are now.
Thou took'st me by the hand, these words of thine
A Maydens fancy did straightway incline,

or ſuch thy language was, as ſoone did move
ny honeſt heart, to entertaine thy love.
y thy deceitfull teares I was betray'd,
or they had power to betray a Mayd.
o that the Bulls, whoſe breath like flames did ſmoake,
taught thee how to tame, and how to yoake.
nd thou did'ſt ſowe the Dragons teeth for ſeede,
Whence armed men did ſpring up, and proceed.
that did give thee thoſe ſecuring charmes,
Grew pale to ſee thoſe new ſprung men in armes.
When ſtraight thoſe earthbred brethren there in ſight,
Did ſlay each other in a bloudy fight.
The watchfull Dragon now the earth did ſweep,
While he upon his ſcaly breaſt did creepe.
Where was the Dowry of thy royall Wife?
Or King of Corinth? could they ſave thy life?
No it was I, that now am thus rejected,
And as a poore Enchantreſſe diſreſpected.
I charm'd the Dragons flaming eyes aſleepe,
That thou might'ſt get the Fleece which he did keepe.
My Father I betray'd, and I forſooke
My Country, and with thee a voyage tooke.
Though my life a ſad baniſhment ſhould be,
I was content to wander ſtill with thee.
Thou of my Mayden-head did'ſt me deceive,
Who my Mother and Siſter both did leave.
Yet I left not my brother; at that name,
Methinkes my pen ſtands ſtill for very ſhame;
I feare to write that, which I did not feare
To doe, 'twas I that did in peeces teare
Thy ſcattered limbes, and when I had don ſo,
Guilty of thy bloud, unto Sea did goe.
And would the gods had drown'd us in the Sea,
Thou for deceit, I for credulity.

I would our ship as it along had past,
Our joyned bodies on some rock had dasht.
Or barking *Scylla* had devour'd us then,
Scylla should punish such ungratefull men.
I wish *Charybdis* had then pleased beene,
With his round whirling waves to suck us in.
But thou in safety art to *Thessaly* come,
Offring the golden Fleece, which thou hast wonne,
Vnto thy gods, what should I mention
Pelias Daughters? whose intention
I wrong'd, and made their virgin hands to kill
Their aged Father, and his blood to spill.
Though others blame me, thou must praise me needs,
Since from my love of thee my guilt proceeds.
Yet thou hast cast me off now ne'retheless,
O I want words, that may my griefe expresse!
When thou did'st bid me goe, I did obey
Thy cruell doome, and forthwith went away
With my two Children, forth alone went I,
And love which alwayes beares me company.
But when I did of thy late marriage heare,
And that *Hymens* Torches burned bright and cleare.
And that sweet musick, with new marriage songs
Proclaim'd your wedding, and my unkind wrongs;
I fear'd, and yet could not the newes believe.
Yet a sad coldnesse to my breast did cleave.
But when I heard them *Io Hymen* cry,
The more they cry'd, more was my misery.
My Servants wept, and yet they hid their teares,
To bring this sad newes to me each one feares.
And I doe wish I had not known it still,
But yet my mind did prophesie some ill.
When my young Son desirous for to see
Some novelty, as children use to be,

Standin

standing at the doore, did begin to cry,
Come mother, see my father passing by;
My father *Iason*, who in pompe doth ride
In's Chariot, with his new maried Bride.
Then did I beat my breast, my cloathes I rent,
To teare my cheeks my fingers then were bent.
My mind did urge me to revenge my wrong,
And thrust my selfe among the bridall throng.
And having snatcht thy garland from thy head,
My armes about thy middle to have spred;
And tooke possession of thee at that time,
And to the people cry'd alond, He's mine.
Father rejoyce, *Colchians* now be glad,
My brothers ghost hath these infernals had.
For now I am forsaken, left, and croft,
My Countrey House, and Kingdome I have lost:
Nay, I have lost my Husband too, and he
Was a kingdome of content unto me.
I that both Dragons and wilde Buls could tame,
Yet by one man am conquer'd againe.
I that could quench hot fire with learned charmes,
Can't quench the fire of love which my breast warmes,
My charmes, and Art, and Potions do deceive me,
And *Hecates* witchcrafts cannot now releeve me.
Me thinks that I do hate the dayes faire light,
And sorrow makes me lye awake all night,
And seldome is my miserable breast
With any quiet gentile sleepe refresht.
I made the Dragon fast asleepe to fall,
But Art hath on my selfe no power at all.
A whore imbraces him, whom I preserv'd,
She reapes the fruit of that, which I deserv'd.
And perhaps, whil'st thou striv'st to please the eare
Of thy Bride, who thy boasting tales doth heare

With

With admiration, thou do'st then disgrace,
Either my behaviour, or homely face.
While out of fooliſh pride ſhe laughs at me,
And doth rejoyce at my deformity.
Let her laugh, and lye downe upon her quilt,
She ſhall weepe, when ſhe my anger hath felt.
Medea will by ſword, or poyſon be
Revenged on her hated enemy.
But if unto my prayers thou would'ſt attend,
Vnto entreaties I would now deſcend.
I will a ſuppliant become to thee
Even at thy feet, as thou haſt beene to me.
If thou wilt not pitty me, for my ſake,
Yet on my Children ſome compaſſion take.
Their Stepmother will moſt unkindly uſe them,
Nay, and perhaps moſt cruelly abuſe them.
For they too much, alaſſe, reſemble thee,
In them thy living picture I can ſee.
And ſince they are of thee a living Type,
When I behold them I am weeping ripe.
I intreate thee by the gods, and the Sun
My Vncle, and by that which I have don
For thy ſake, and by my two Children deare,
Which the pledges of our affection were;
Returne to my bed, who left all for thee,
Be conſtant, as thou did'ſt promiſe to me.
Againſt fierce Bulls thy ayde I doe not ſeeke,
Or to charme the watchfull Dragon aſleepe.
Thee I deſire, whom I deſerved have,
By Children had by thee, thee I doe crave.
If thou deſir'ſt a Dowry, I did yeeld
A Dowry, which was told out in the field,
Which I did make thee plough, while thou did'ſt ſtay
Onely to beare the golden fleece away.

My Dowry was the Golden Ramme, which had
This golden fleece, and was so richly clad.
This was my Dowry, and should I aske thee
To restore it back, thou would'st deny it me.
My Dowry was the preserving thy selfe,
Can *Creons* Daughter bring thee so much wealth?
That thou do'st live and hast another Bride,
'twas my gift, els thou had'st surely dy'd.
And it was I, that gave thee life to be
Thus thankelesse, and ungratefull unto me.
I will revenge—yet what doth it pertaine
Unto revenge? if I my wrath proclaime?
And tell what punishments on you shall light?
The closest anger doth most deadly strike.
I will follow as my rage leades me on,
Though I repent the act when it is don.
For I repent that I should e're preserve
A man, that doth so ill of me deserve.
The winged God hath seene from the blew skie
My wrongs, my sorrowes, and my injury.
And with a rage he hath inspir'd my heart
To plot, and act e're long some Tragick part.

The

The Argument of the thirteenth Epistle.

Protesilaus the Son of *Iphyclus* sailing, as *Homer* reports, with forty ships to *Troy*, he was shut up with the rest of the *Grecians*, in *Aulis* a Haven of *Boeotia*, which when his Wife *Laodamia*, Daughter of *Acastus* and *Laodithea* understood, she deerly loved her husband, and being troubled much with dreames, wrote this Epistle unto him; admonishing him to remember the *Oracle*, and to abstaine from the warres. For the *Oracle* had given this answer to the *Grecians*, that he should perish, that first went a shoare and first foote upon the *Trojan* ground. But courageous *Protesilaus* was the first that landed, and was slaine by *Hector*.

Laodamia to Protesilaus.

Laodamia doth to thee send health,
Wishing that she might come to thee her selfe.
I heare that thou in *Aulis* art wind-bound,
Would I had of the winds such favour found,
To resist thy going hence, and hinder it,
Then for the Sea to grow ruffe it was fit.
Then I had kiss'd thee oftner, and at large
Had spoken more, and given thee thy charge.
But when the wind stood faire, thou could'st not stay,
For it did drive thy swelling sayles away.
Thy Marriners had what they did require,
It was not I, that did this wind desire.
The wind that for the Marriners stood faire,
Stood crosse for thee, and I, that lovers were.
And me from *Protesilaus* did divide,
While we were both in sweet embraces ty'd.

My broken words short of my meaning fell,
I scarce had time to speake this word, farewell.
For the North wind thy hollow sailes did stretch,
And from me did *Protesilaus* fetch.
I looke as long as I thy Ship could see,
And I did send a long looke after thee.
When thou wert out of sight, yet I could see
Thy ship, and to behold it pleased me.
But when both thee, and thy swift sailing ship,
Out of my sight did both together slip,
A sudden darknesse in my eyes I found,
And presently I fell downe in a sound.
So that my mother and old *Acastus* too,
Although much diligence they both did shew,
Could fetch me backe to life, although at last,
Cold water they into my face did cast.
Their needlesse love was thus express'd, but I
Am sorry that they did not let me dye:
For when my senses did returne againe,
My love returned too with a new flame.
And chast affection would not spare my breast;
Those who doe love, must never hope for rest.
Now I tooke no delight to dresse my haire,
Nor to weare rich apparrell tooke I care.
And as those women *Bacchus* hath inspir'd
With a touch of his Viny staffe, and fir'd
Their bosomes, that they run now heere, now there;
Such did I in my furious rage appeare.
The talking wives of *Philace* did come
To comfort me, and thus their speech begun.
Laodamia courage take, put on
Such royall robes as may your birth become.
Alasse! shall I in purple roabes delight?
While that my Husband at *Troy's* wall doth fight?

Shall I my haire in curious manner dresse?
While a weighty Helmet doth his haire presse.
Shall I in newe apparrell gay appeare?
While my lord doth a Coate of Armour weare?
While thou art at the warres, like one forlorne
In careleſſe habit I at home will mourne.
O *Paris*, thou that waſt borne to deſtroy
With thy freſh beauty the old Citie *Troy*.
As thou wert a wanton gueſt, may'ſt thou be
A Coward, and a milkſop enemie.
Would *Helena* had not unto thee ſeem'd
So faire, nor ſhe thy beauty ſo eſteem'd.
O *Menelaus*, thou with earneſt ſtrife
Doſt labour to regaine againe thy Wife.
Woes me, I feare thy ſad revenge will make
Many eyes weepe, and many hearts to ake.
The gods from all ill fortune us defend,
That my returning husband may commend
His armes to *Iupiter*, but when I muſe
Or thinke upon the warres I cannot chuſe
But weepe, and downe my cheeks the teares doe run,
Like ſnow when it is melted by the Sun.
When of *Ilian*, or *Tenedos* I heare,
Thoſe names doe put me in a ſuddaine feare.
When of *Simois*, and *Xanthus* I have heard,
Or *Ida*, theſe ſtrange names make me afeard.
Nor had *Paris* ſtole *Hellen*, if at length
He meant to reſigne her, he knew his ſtrength,
For ſhe did come in royall roabes of gold,
Adorn'd with Iewells glorious to behold.
And with a warlike Fleete to *Troy* ſhe came,
The *Trojans* ſhew'd their great ſtrength by her traine.
And as *Hellen* was fetched by this Fleete,
So I feare it ſhould with the *Grecians* meete.

There is one *Hector*, of whom I doe heare,
A valiant man, and him I greatly feare.
For *Paris* ſaid that *Hector* ſhould affright
The *Trojans*, and begin the bloudy fight.
If I be ſhe, whom thou do'ſt love moſt deare,
Take heede of *Hector*, him I onely feare.
His name doth fill my thoughts with much unreſt,
And is engrav'd upon my troubled breaſt.
And as thou ſhunneſt him, ſo alſo ſhun
Others, for many *Hectors* thither come.
And as oft as thou do'ſt prepare to fight,
Say to thy ſelfe theſe words, which I doe write:
Laodamia charg'd me care to take,
And keepe my ſelfe, from danger for her ſake.
If the *Gracians* raſe *Troy* unto the ground,
May'ſt thou come from the ſeige with nere a wound.
Let *Menelaus* with the *Trojans* fight,
And take from *Paris Helena*, his right.
And when he chargeth on the Enemie,
Let his good cauſe, give him the victory.
It behov'd *Menalaus* with ſtout blowes
To fetch his Wife from the inſulting foes;
But thy caſe unto his is far unlike,
And therefore I doe wiſh thee ſo to fight,
That when the wars are done, thou maiſt returne,
And in my loving boſome lye full warme.
You *Trojans* I intreate you to ſpare one
Of all thoſe enemies againſt you come;
For every drop of bloud that doth proceed
From his veines, from my veines doth alſo bleede.
Proteſilaus no ſtrong blowes can ſtrike
With his drawne ſword, nor ſtand the puſh of Pike;
Let *Menelaus* fight, whom rage doth move,
Let others fight, let *Proteſilaus* love.

For I must needs confesse I had a mind
To have cal'd him back, but no strength could find,
For my tongue stopp'd, before the words were spoken,
And my speech broke off, which was a bad token.
And at the threshold of thy Fathers gate
Thy foot did stumble and did trip thereat,
Which hath been alwayes counted for a signe,
Whereby we may of some ill luck divine.
Which when I did behold, I was afraid,
And thus unto my selfe in secret said:
I hope the stumbling of his foote shall be
A signe, my Husband shall returne to me.
These things unto thee I doe now relate,
That I thy courage may thereby abate.
And I doe wish, that I at last may find,
These feares are vaine, which now molest my mind.
Besides the *Oracles* say, he who shall
Land first upon the *Trojan* ground, shall fall
First by the sword, unhappy sure is she,
That by the wars shall the first widdow be.
Heaven defend thee that thou may'st not shew
Thy valour, least thy valour I doe rue,
Let thy ship be the last to shoare doth stand,
Let thy ship be the last doth come to land.
Of all that goes on shoare be thou the last
Vnto thy Fathers land thou doest hast.
But when thou comm'st back, then doe not faile
To use thy Oares, clap on all thy saile.
Then make thou hast to come out of thy ship,
And on the welcome shoare most nimbly skip.
When *Phœbus* lyeth hid, or shines most bright,
I thinke upon thee, both by day, and night.
Yet more on thee by night than day, for night
Is the sweet time, that yeeldeth Mayds delight.

For then they lye within their Sweet hearts arme,
Who with their close embraces keepe them warme;
While in my Widdowes bed I lye at leasure,
Wanting true joy, I thinke on former pleasure.
And then a dreame doth yeeld me some delight,
Sometimes againe my dreames doe me affright.
Methinkes I see thee with a visage pale,
Telling to me a sad and mournefull tale.
Then waking out of my blacke dreame, I rise,
And for thy safety offer sacrifice
With franckincense, which I with teares bedew,
So that in burning, it doth brighter shew.
As when we powre oyle to a dying flame,
It doth begin to rise, and blaze againe.
O when will that most happy season come!
That I shall embrace thee at comming home,
Which such a sweet excesse of joy, till I
Languish with pleasure, and embracing dye.
When wilt thou tell me, when we are a bed?
How many thou in warre hast conquered?
And in the midd'st of thy sweeet story leave,
To kisse me, and a kisse from me receive;
While that a kisse is the full poynt to stay
Thy speech, refreshed by this sweet delay.
But when I thinke of *Troy*, the Seas, and wind,
Then feare doth drive all hope out of my mind.
And I doe feare, because thy ships are stay'd
By winds, as if to stay thee they assay'd.
Who will saile with crosse wind to his owne land?
Thou from thy Country sail'st, when winds withstand.
Neptune will not permit you for to come
Vnto his City, and therefore come home.
Spare going (*Grecians*) the windes doe forbid,
And some divine power in the wind is hid.

By these warres you seeke onely to regaine
An Adultéresse, ô turne your ships againe!
But why should I recall thee back thus now?
Let calme winds smooth againe the Seas rough brow.
I envy now the *Trojan* Dames, who shall
With griefe behold their husbands funerall.
On her husbands head the new married Bride
Shall put a Helmet, and when she hath ty'd
His armour close unto him, and doth make
Him ready, she a kisse from him shall take.
Such dutifull imployment is a blisse,
Her service is rewarded with a kisse.
And being arm'd compleately, then at large
She may give to him a most loving charge:
Charging him, as he tendereth her love,
To returne, and offer his armes to *Iove*.
And he obeying her command, will be
Carefull to fight abroad more warily.
And when he commeth home, she will unlace
His helmet, and him in her armes embrace.
To me in absence feare doth sorrow bring,
And I conceive the worst of every thing.
Yet while that thou unto the warres art gon,
I have thy Picture made in waxe at home.
And fondly unto it I often talke,
And doe embrace it, as by it I walke.
Thy shape in it so lively doth appeare,
Could it speake, it *Protesilaus* were.
On it I look, and often it behold,
And for thy sake doe in my armes enfold;
And to thy Picture often I complaine,
As if thy Picture could reply againe.
By thee, in whom my Soule alone delights,
By our true love, and equall marriage rites;

And by thy life, which I doe wiſh you may
Bring back, although thy haire be turned gray;
I vow, if thou pleaſeſt to ſend to me,
I will obey, and ſtraightway come to thee,
For whether thou do'ſt chance to live, or dye,
In life and death I'le beare thee company.
Of my letter this ſhall the concluſion be,
Take care of thy ſelfe, if thou car'ſt for me.

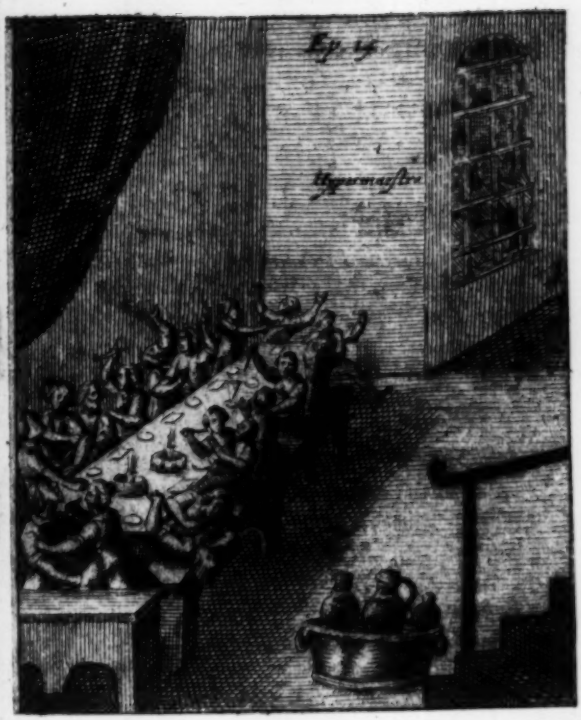
The Argument of the fourteenth Epistle.

Danaus the Son of *Belus*, had by seventeen Wives fifty Daughters, unto whom his brother *Ægyptus* desired to marry his fifty Sons, but *Danaus* having been informed by the *Oracle*, that he should dye by the hands of a Son in law, to avoyd that danger, he takes ship and sailes to *Argos*. *Ægyptus* being angry because he had despised his offer, sent his Sons with an army to beseige him, charging them not to returne untill they had slaine *Danaus*, or married his Daughters. He enforced by siege yeelderh up his Daughters, where with the Sword which their Father had given them, according to his command, at night when the young men warmed with wine and jollity were fallen fast asleep, every one kill'd her husband, except *Hypermnestra* onely, who out of compassion spared and preserved her Husband *Linus*, whom *Eusebius* calleth *Lynceus*, advising him to returne to his Father *Ægyptus*, and discover the conspiracy. But her Father *Danaus* perceiving that all his Daughters had executed his will with bloudy obedience, excepting *Hypermnestra*, he commanded her to be kept in Prison. Whereupon in this Epistle shee entreates her Vncle and Husband *Linus*, whom she had preserved, either to helpe her, and free her from her Captivity, or if shee dye to see her honourably buried. But at last *Linus* killed *Danaus*, and set her at liberty.

Hypermnestra to *Linus*.

Hypermnestra sends to thee, who do'st remaine
Of many brothers by their owne Wives slaine.
I for thy sake am in closse Prison pent,
And for saving thee endure punishment.
I am guilty because I spar'd thy bloud,
" A prosperous wickednesse is counted good.

Yet


Ep. 14.
Hypermaestre

Yet I repent not, since that I had rather
Keepe my hand free from bloud, than please my father.
Though my father in that sacred fire may
Burne me, which we touch't on our wedding day.
Or with those Torches he may burne my face,
Which on our wedding-day did brightly blaze.
Or although he do kill me with that sword,
Because to kill thee I could not afford.
He shall not make mee say, that I repent
Of a good work, it is not my intent.
I am griev'd for my sisters cruell fact,
For sad repentance followes a bad act.
The sad remembrance of that bloudy night,
Makes my heart and hand tremble while I write.
My husband could not by my hand have dy'd,
Which shakes, while I this murder would describe.
Yet I will try: It was abought twilight,
Which endeth day, and doth begin the night.
When as we fifty sisters were brought all,
With royall state into the Castle hall.
Whereas *Egyptus*, without dread or feare,
Receav'd us for his daughters, who arriv'd were.
The flaming Tapers shin'd like stars in heaven,
And sweet incense unto the fire was given.
The common people did on *Hymen* cry,
But from this fatall marriage he did flie.
And *Iuno* did from her owne City run,
Faire *Argos*, that she might this wedding shun.
And now the young mens drunken heads were bound
About with flowers, and with Garlands crown'd.
The bridemen with great joy, dreading no danger,
Did bring them to their fatall bridall chamber.
And laid their heavie bodies on the bed,
On which they were like funerall hearses spred;

They

They being now with wine and ſleepe oppreſt,
And all the City quiet, and at reſt.
Me thought the groanes of dying men I heard,
And ſo it was, whereat I grew affeard.
So that my warme bloud, and my colour fled,
And left my body cold upon the bed.
As ſoft and gentle weſterne winds doe make
The corne to move, and *Aſpin* leaves to ſhake:
So I trembled, while thou laid'ſt at that time
Entranc'd with drinking ſleep-procuring wine.
Thinking to obey my fathers ſad command
I ſate up, and tooke the ſword in my hand;
The truth I ſpeake, three times I raiſ'd the ſword
To ſtrike, and yet to ſtrike my hand abhorr'd:
My fathers command did my courage whet;
So that his ſword unto thy throat I ſet.
But feare, and love would not let me proceed,
My chaſte hand would not act that Tragick deed.
Then off my haire I toare the flaxen wealth,
And ſoftly thus did reaſon with my ſelfe:
Hypermneſtra, thou haſt a cruell father,
Therefore obey his commands the rather,
Take courage, and obey thy fathers will,
And boldly with the reſt thy husband kill.
Yet ſince I am a young maid, my hands be
Vnfit to act a bloudy Tragedie.
Yet imitate thy ſiſters now againe,
Who have by this time all their husbands ſlaine.
Yet if this hand a murder could commit,
To ſtaine it with my owne bloud it were fit.
Do they deſerve death becauſe they poſſeſſe
Our fathers kingdome? which yet ne'retheleſſe
Some ſtrangers might from him away have carried,
As dowries given them when we were married.

Though

Though they deſerve death, what ſhall we do leſſe?
If we commit this deed of wickedneſſe.
Mayds do not love a ſword, or killing toole,
My fingers fitter are to ſpin ſoft wooll.
Having thus complain'd, my teares began to riſe,
And dropped on thy body from my eyes.
And while thy armes about me thou didſt put,
Thy hand thou with the ſword hadſt almoſt cut.
And leſt my father ſhould ſurpriſe, and take thee,
With theſe words I did ſuddenly awake thee.
Riſe *Linus*, who doſt now alone ſurvive,
Of all thy brethren none are left alive;
Make haſt I ſay, betake thy ſelfe to flight,
Make haſte, or elſe thou wilt be ſlaine to night.
Awak'd from ſleep, thou didſt amazed ſtand,
To ſee the glittering ſword ſhine in my hand;
And I did wiſh thee for to flye away
By night, and ſave thy ſelfe, while I did ſtay.
In the morning when *Danaus* came to view
His ſons, which his moſt bloudy daughters ſlew;
He ſaw them laid in deaths eternall ſlumber,
Yet one was wanting to make up the number:
And angry that ſo little bloud was ſpill'd,
And becauſe I my husband had not kill'd;
My father without any love or care,
Drag'd me along even by my flaxen haire.
And ſtraightway did command I ſhould be caſt
Into priſon, this was my reward at laſt.
For *Iuno* ſtill on us doth bend her brow,
Since *Io* was trasform'd into a Cow.
Yet puniſhment enough by her was borne,
When *Iuno* did her to a Cow transforme.
When ſhe that was ſo faire, could not in night
Of pleaſure yeeld great *Iupiter* delight.

On the bank of the River *Inachus* now
Shee stood, cloth'd in the shape of a Cow.
While in her fathers streame both cleere and cold,
The shadow of her hornes she did behold;
And low'd aloud, when she to speake assai'd,
Her shape and voice did make her both afraid.
Why dost thou flie from thy selfe alasse?
Or admire thy shape in that watry glasse.
Thus she that was great *Iupiters* chiefe Lasse,
Is enforc'd to feed on dry leaves and grasse.
Thou drink'st spring water, and art in a maze,
When on thy shaddow thou do'st looke and gaze.
And of those spreading hornes which thou dost beare
Vpon thy head, thou seem'st to stand in feare;
And she whose beauty *Iupiter* did wound,
Now lyeth every night on the bare ground,
O're hils and rivers thou abroad dost stray,
O're seas and countries thou dost finde thy way.
And yet, O *Io*, thou canst not escape,
Or having places, change thy outward shape.
Thy selfe doth follow, while that thou dost flye,
Thy selfe doth alwayes beare thee company;
Where *Nilus* seven streames to the sea run,
There she unto her former shape did come.
But why should I such ancient Tales relate?
I have cause to complaine of my owne fate.
My father and my Vncle do wage war,
And we out of our kingdome banisht are;
And he our royall Scepter now doth sway,
While miserable we like pilgrims stray:
Of fifty brethren thou alone art left,
For their deaths, and my sisters I have wept.
My sisters and my brothers both slaine were,
For whose sakes I can't chuse but shed a teare.

And becauſe thou in ſafety doſt ſurviue,
To be tormented I am kept aliue.
What puniſhment ſhall they expect that be
Guilty? when they for goodneſſe condemne me.
And I muſt dye, becauſe I would not ſpill
My brothers bloud, nor cruelly him kill.
If therefore thou reſpecteſt me, thy wife,
Or loveſt me, becauſe I ſav'd thy life;
Helpe me, onif I die, I thee deſire,
To lay my body on the funerall fire.
Imbalme my bones with thy moſt teares, and then
See that thou carefully doe burie them.
And let this Epitaph be engraved on
My Sepulchre, or on my Marble-ſtone.
Hypermneſtra here underneath doth lye,
That was ill rewarded for her piety.
For ſhe moſt like unto a faithfull wife,
Did loſe her owne, to ſave her husbands life.
My trembling hand is tired with the weight
Of chaines, or elſe I would more largely write.

The

The Argument of the fifteenth Epistle.

Paris, otherwise called *Alexander*, sailing to *Lacedemon* to fetch *Helena*, which *Venus* had promised him, was honourably received by *Menelaus*. But *Menelaus* and *Minos* kinred, going to *Creete*, to divide *Atreus* his wealth, left *Paris* at home, charging his wife to use him with as much respect as himselfe. But *Paris* improving the opportunity, began to wooe and court *Helena* to gaine her love. In this Epistle he artificially discovers his affection, and with amorous boasting indeavours to insinuate into her affection. And because hee knew that women love to hear their birth and beauty prailed, *Paris* endeavours by flattery to gaine her favour, urging her praises, and striving to disgrace her husband. And at last perswades her to go with him to *Troy*, where he would keepe her by force.

PARIS *to* HELENA.

Paris, sweet *Hellen* wisheth health to thee,
That health, which you can only give to me.
Shall I speak? or need not I my flame reveale?
You know I love you, nor can I conceale
My love, which I could wish might hidden be,
Till time did give me opportunity,
Without all feare most freely to discover
My selfe, to be your faithfull constant Lover.
But yet who can the fire of love conceale?
Which by 'its owne light doth it selfe reveale.
Yet if thou look'st that I my griefe should name,
Then know I love thee, these lines shew my flame;
And I intreat you to have pitty on me,
Because my present sufferings proceed from thee.

With

Pag. 35
Paris

With a frowning countenance reade not the reſt,
But ſuch as may become thy beauty beſt.
Thy receipt of my Letters joyeth me,
And cherriſh hope, that I at laſt ſhall be
Receiv'd into thy favour, which I wiſh,
That *Venus* may her promiſe keepe in this.
For Loves faire mother firſt perſwaded me,
To take this journey, in hope to gaine thee;
And leaſt thou ſhould'ſt through ignorance offend,
By divine appointment I came to this end.
Venus perſwaded me to undertake
This journey, which ſhe would propitious make.
For ſince that *Venus* promiſ'd me, that you
Should be my wife, I challenge it as due.
For her perſwaſions made me to take ſhip
From *Troy*, and unto *Lacedemon* ſlip.
And ſhe did make the wind moſt faire to ſtand,
She that's ſprung from the ſea might it commande.
And as ſhe ſmoth'd the ſea, and calm'd the wind,
So may ſhe make thy breaſt moſt ſoft and kind.
I did not finde love here, I brought the flame
With me, and to obtaine thy love I came.
By wandring ſtormes I was not hither drove,
My ſhip was guided hither by true love.
Nor came I hither like a merchant man,
I have wealth enough, the gods it maintaine.
Nor yet the Grecian Cities here to view,
For richer in my Kingdome I can ſhew.
'Tis thee I ask, 'tis thee I only crave,
Whom *Venus* promiſ'd me, that I ſhould have.
I aſkt thee of her, when I did not know thee,
She promiſ'd that ſhe would on me beſtow thee.
For of thy beauty I had heard by fame,
Before my eye had e're beheld the ſame;

Yet 'tis no wonder, if that *Cupids* Bowe
With feathered arrowes makes me cry *Amo*.
Since by unchanged fates 'tis so ordain'd,
Then doe not thou there hidden will wish stand.
And that you may beleeve it is my fate,
Receive the truth, which I will here relate.
When that my mother was with child of me,
And daily did expect delivery:
She dream'd, for in her dreame it so did seeme,
That of a firebrand she had delivered beene.
She rises, and to *Priam* doth unfold
Her dreame, which he unto his Prophets told.
Who straight foretold that *Paris* should destroy,
And like a kindled brand set fire on *Troy*.
But I do think they rather might divine,
That brand did signifie this love of mine.
And though I like a Shepherds son was bred,
My shape, and spirit soone discovered,
That I had not beene borne the son of earth,
But that I claim'd nobility by birth.
In the *Idean* vallies there's a place,
Which many trees with a coole shade do grace.
Wherein no Sheepe do feed, nor any Oxe,
Nor Goates, that love to climbe upon high Rocks.
Here looking towards *Troy*, and to the Sea,
I stood, and lean'd my selfe against a tree.
The truth I tell, me thought the earth then shook,
As if oppressed with some heavie foot.
And presently swift *Mercury* from the skies
Descended downe, and stood before my eyes.
And therefore what I saw, I may unfold,
The god had in his hand a rod of gold.
And three goddesses, *Venus*, *Iuno*, *Pallas*,
Did set their tender feet upon the grasse.

Then cold amazement ſtiffned my long haire,
But winged *Mercurie* bid me not to feare.
" Thou art ſaies he, choſen to judge, and end
" The matter, 'twixt theſe goddeſſes, who contend
" About their beauty, ſay then, which ſhall be
" Accounted the moſt beautifull of the three.
This meſſage I from *Iupiter* do bring,
Which having ſaid, he from the earth did ſpring,
And through the aire doth a quick paſſage make,
And by his words I did more courage take.
So that my minde more fortified grew,
And dreadleſſe I each one of them did view.
Who unto me ſo beautifull did appeare,
I could not judge, which of them faireſt were.
Yet one of them my fancy did approve,
Her beauty ſhew'd ſhe was the Queene of Love.
But they contending which ſhould faireſt be,
Did all with moſt rich gifts ſollicite me,
Iuno did fairely promiſe I ſhould be
A mighty Monarch, *Pallace* promiſ'd me
Learning, ſo that a doubt did now ariſe,
Whether I would chuſe to be great, or wiſe.
But *Venus* ſmiling then, *Paris* ſayes ſhe,
Thoſe gifts of theirs but glorious troubles be.
I'le give thee *Helena*, thou ſhalt hereafter
In thy armes imbrace *Leda's* fairer daughter.
Thus both her gift, and beauty conquer'd me,
So that to her I gave the victory.
And afterward my fate ſo kind was growne,
That now to be the Kings ſon I was knowne.
At my inſtalement all the Court did joy,
Kept in a yeerely feſtivall in *Troy*.
And as I lov'd, I was belov'd of many,
But for thy ſake I would not match with any.

Kings and Dukes daughters did of me approve,
And faireſt Nymps with me did fall in love.
Yet all of them were but deſpiſ'd of me,
After I had this hope of marrying thee.
Day and night in my minde I thee did keepe,
And thinking on thee I ſhould fall aſleepe.
How comely would thy preſence ſure have beene,
Whoſe beauty wounded me although unſeene.
I was enflamed with a ſtrange deſire,
Burning when I was abſent from the fire.
My hopes I could no longer now containe,
But to ſea put forth, my wiſh to obtaine;
And now the lofty Phrygian Pines I fel'd,
And trees for building ſhips moſt fitting held.
The woods of *Gargarus*, and *Ida* did yeeld
Great ſtore of trees, wherewith I ſhips did build.
I built their decks, and lined the ſhips ſide
With plankes of Oake, which might a ſtorme abide;
And I did rig, and tackle them beſide,
With ropes, and ſayles which to the yards were ty'd.
And I did ſet on the ſtearne of the ſhip,
The Image of thoſe gods which did it keepe.
And on my owne ſhip I did make them paint
Venus and *Cupid*, that it might not want
Her ſafe protection, who had promiſ'd me,
By her aſſiſtance I ſhould marry thee.
Soone as my fleet was builded thus, and fram'd,
To ſea I preſently reſolv'd to ſtand.
My father and mother, when I did require
Their leave to go, would not grant my deſire,
Or licenſe me, and therefore to have ſtaid
My intended journey, both of them aſſai'd.
My ſiſter *Caſſandra* with looſen'd haire,
When as my ſhips even weighing anchor were,

Said,

Said, whither goeſt thou? thou ſhalt bring againe,
By croſſing the ſeas, a deſtroying flame.
The truth ſhe ſaid, for I have found a fire,
Love hath enflam'd my ſoft breaſt with deſire.
A faire wind from the Port my ſailes did drive,
And I in *Hellens* countrey did arrive.
Where thy husband did me much kindneſſe ſhow,
And ſure the gods decreed it ſhould be ſo.
He ſhew'd me all that worthy was of ſight
In *Lacedemon*, to breed me delight.
But there was nothing that my fancy took,
But only thee, and thy ſweet beautious looke.
For when I ſaw thee, I was even amaz'd,
My heart was wounded while on thee I gaz'd.
For I remember *Venus* was like thee,
When ſhe would have her beauty judg'd by me.
And if thou hadſt contended with her, I
Had ſurely given thee the victory.
For the report of thee abroad was blowne,
Thy beauty was in every Country known.
For through all nations where the Sun doth riſe,
Thy beauty only bore away the prize.
Beleeve me, fame did not report ſo much
As thou deſerv'ſt, thy beauty ſeemeth ſuch,
That *Theſeus* did not thy love diſdaine,
And to ſteale thee away did think't no ſhame;
When ſuiting to the *Lacedemonian* faſhion,
Thou didſt ſport with the young men of thy Nation.
In ſtealing thee I like his juſt deſire,
But how he could reſtore thee, I admire.
For ſuch a beautious prey had ſure deſerv'd,
To have beene kept, and conſtantly preſerv'd.
For before thou ſhould'ſt be tooke from my bed,
Before I would loſe thee, I would loſe my head.

Alas could I have ever so forgone thee,
Or while I liv'd have let thee beene took from me?
Yet if I must restore thee needs at last,
I would have yet presum'd to touch, and taste
The golden Aples of thy Virgin tree;
And not sent thee back with Virginity.
Or if that I had spar'd thy Virgin treasures,
I would have rifled some other pleasures.
Then grant thy love to *Paris*, who will be,
While I doe live, most constant unto thee,
I will be constant to your owne desire,
My love, and life shall both at once expire.
Before great kingdomes I preferred thee,
Which royall *Iuno* promis'd unto me.
And learning, *Pallas* guift, I did refuse,
And to enjoy thy sweet selfe I did chuse.
When *Iuno*, *Venus*, and faire *Pallas* too,
Their naked beauties unto me did shew;
And in the *Idean* vallies did not grudge,
In case of beauty to make me their Iudge.
Yet I do not repent of my election,
My mind is constant to my first affection.
I beseech thee let not my hope prove vaine,
Who spare no labour in hope thee to gaine.
Beneath your selfe you need not to decline,
Your birth is noble, so is also mine.
So that if we do match, you cannot fall
Beneath your birth, or be disgrac'd at all.
For if you search into my pedigree,
Iove and *Electra* are of kin to me.
And my father *Priam* doth the Scepter sway,
Of the great'st kingdome in all *Asia*.
Many Cities and faire Horses thou shalt see,
And Temples suting the gods Majestie.

Thou ſhalt ſee *Troy*, with Towres encompaſſ'd round,
Whoſe wals *Apollos* Harpe at firſt did found.
Beſides there are ſuch ſtore of people here,
The Land the people cannot hardly beare.
Great troopes of *Trojan* Matrons thou ſhalt meet,
And ſtoare of *Trojan* wives in every ſtreet.
The poverty of Greece thou wilt then pitty,
When thou ſeeſt one houſe as rich as a City.
Yet *Sparta* I cannot contemne with ſcorne,
Becauſe thou in that happy Land wert borne.
But *Sparta* is poore, and cannot afford thee
Dreſſings, which with thy beauty may agree.
That face of thine ought not to be content
With ſome common, but a curious ornament.
And it is fit thou ſhould'ſt the old lay by,
And every day weare ſome freſh raritie.
When the habite of the *Trojans* you do ſee,
You may thinke womens habits richer be.
Then *Hellen* grant me love, do not diſdaine
A *Trojan*, who thy favour would obtaine.
He was a *Trojan* from our bloud deſcended,
Who with this heavenly office was befrended
To fill *Ioves* Cup, and with water allay
The ſtrength of his *Nectar* and *Ambroſia*.
A *Trojan* in *Aurora* tooke delight,
Who doth begin the day, conclude the night.
Anchiſes was deſcended too from *Troy*,
Whom the Queene of Love deſir'd to enjoy;
And did deſcend in the *Idean* Valley,
In amorous wayes to ſport with him and dally.
I am a *Trojan* too, and if in truth
You ſhould compare my beauty, and my youth
With *Menelaus*, I ſuppoſe that he
Should not in your choiſe be prefer'd to me.

By matching with me thou shalt not be kin
To such as bloudy *Atreus* hath bin,
Who with the flesh of men his Horses fed,
From which sight the Sunnes frighted Horses fled.
My Grandfather did not his Brother kill,
As *Menalaus* Grandfather, who did spill
Myrtilus bloud, who being murder'd so,
He into the *Myrtoan*-sea did throw.
Nor yet our great Grandfather catcheth after,
(Like unto *Tantalus* in the *Stygian* water)
Apples and water, which are both so nigh
His lips, and yet from his touch'd lips do flie.
Yet if from them thou hast descended beene,
Iove would wish to be to thee a kin.
Yet unworthy *Menalaus* takes delight
In thee, and doth enjoy thee every night:
I scarcely can behold thee at the Table,
And there to looke on thee I am not able;
For at that very time I observe, and finde
Many things, that do much offend my minde;
For when the banquet is brought in, then I
Doe wish my roome unto my enemy,
For it doth grieve me when I doe behold,
How with his armes he doth thy neck infold.
And I could blush, when he before my face
Doth thy small waist so clownishly embrace.
And it did break my heart when I did see,
How he would cast his furr'd gowne over thee.
And when that he would give thee kisses soft,
I put the cup before my eyes full oft.
His close embraces I did never brooke,
For I beheld then with a down-cast looke.
My meate, as if within my mouth it grew,
I most unwillingly did seeme to chew.

And I often ſigh'd, which when thou did'ſt ſee,
Thou oftentimes would'ſt ſmile, and laugh at me.
Then I would ſtrive to quench my flame with wine,
But love through drunkenneſſe moſt cleere doth ſhine.
When I look'd away, leaſt I more ſhould ſee,
Thy beauty made me looke againe on thee.
It grieved me to looke on my diſgrace,
But it griev'd me more not to looke on thy face;
And I did ſtrive my paſſion for to hide,
"But ôh! diſſembled love is ſooneſt ſpy'd.
I doe not flatter thee, thou do'ſt perceive
That I did love thee, nor could I deceive;
Thou diſcern'ſt my love, which I wiſh may be
Known to thy ſelfe alone, and none but thee.
When teares did ſpring, I turn'd away my head,
Leſt *Menelaus* askt why I them ſhed.
How oft have I told fained tales of love?
Hoping I might thereby your favour move,
Vnder a fained name hoping to move you,
But it was I indeed did truly love you.
And that I might my mind more freely ſpeake,
A wanton drunkenneſſe I would counterfeit.
I remember once thy boſome open lay,
And to my view thy white breaſts did betray;
Thy faire breaſts which were more white in ſhew
Than pureſt milke, or the new fallen Snow;
Or whiter than that Swans faire downy feather,
When *Iupiter* and *Leda* lay together.
When I beheld them, I was ſo amaz'd,
My Ring fell from my finger as I gaz'd.
When thou kiſſedſt thy Daughter, I would not miſſe,
To take thy kiſſe off with another kiſſe.
And ſometimes I ſome ancient ſong would ſing,
Of thoſe that heretofore had lovers beene.

Sometimes by secret signes my love was showne,
And by a nod or wink I made it knowne.
Then to *Clymene* and *Æthra* I did shew
My griefe, and both of them began to wooe.
Thy waiting-maids, who when I had begun
They both did leave me before I had done.
And I do wish the gods had beene so bent,
To have made thee the prize of a Turnament.
That he that got the victory, might beare thee
Out of the field, and he that won thee weare thee.
As *Hippomenes* faire *Atalanta* won,
Who all her former suiters had outrun.
Thou in the *Phrygian* Cities shalt be seene,
Like *Hippodamia* brought in like a Queene
By *pelops*, and as stout *Alcides* brake
Achelous hornes for *Dejanira's* sake.
So by some valiant adventure, I
Would win thee by some act of chivalry.
But now I can but beg of thy sweet beauty,
And at thy feet prostrate my selfe in duty.
O thou that art thy brothers only glory,
To whom even *Iove* himselfe could not be sorry
To be a husband, if so be you were
Not by birth descended from *Iupiter*.
Either I will returne to *Troy* with thee,
Or here in thy *Laconia* buried be.
Loves arrow hath so wounded my soft brest,
That it unto the very bone hath piere'd.
My sister truly propheci'd of me,
That with Loves arrow I should wounded be.
Then since (sweet *Hellen*) 'tis ordain'd by fate,
That I should love thee, pitty my estate;
Doe not contemne my love, but my suit heare,
So may the gods attend unto thy prayer.

If

If thou would'ſt let me lye with thee to night,
More I could ſay, that ſhould breed thy delight.
To wrong thy husband ſo, art thou aſham'd ;
Or that thy marriage bed ſhould ſo be ſtain'd ?
O *Helen* ! thou a countrey Conſcience haſt !
" Doſt thou imagine to be faire and chaſt ?
Either change thy beauty, or more loving be,
" For beauty is a foe to Chaſtity.
Venus doth love Loves ſtollen fruit to gather,
And *Iupiters* ſcapes did make him thy father.
Then how can'ſt thou be chaſt, if thou take after
Iupiter and *Leda*? thou art their daughter.
Mai'ſt thou be chaſt when thou to *Troy* art brought,
And for thy rape may I be held in fault.
Let's now offend, and after mend our life,
When as *Venus* promiſed, thou art my wife.
Beſides thy husbands actions doe commend
The ſame to thee, who that he might befriend
His gueſt, abſents himſelfe, to give us leaſure,
And opportunity to enjoy pleaſure.
To goe to *Creete* he thought it time moſt fit,
O he's a man of a horneable wit !
Which at his departure was well expreſt,
When he bid thee uſe well his *Trojan* gueſt.
Thy abſent husbands will thou do'ſt neglect,
Thou tak'ſt no care of me, nor me affect.
Being ſo ſenſeleſſe, thinkeſt thou that he
Can prize thy beauty, or elſe vallew thee.
He cannot, for if he had knowne the danger ;
He had not bid thee be kind to a ſtranger.
Although my words, nor love cannot moove thee,
Let us improve this opportunity.
Then thy husband our ſelves ſhall ſhew more folly,
If we looſe time, through baſhfull melancholly ;

To

To be thy Paramour he offer'd me,
Make use then of his weake simplicity.
For thou do'st lye alone, and so doe I,
Twere better if we did together lye.
Let us enjoy our selves, for I doe say,
"Midnight sport yeelds more pleasure than the day.
Then thou shalt have faire promises of me,
And I will bind my selfe to marry thee.
For I doe vow, if that thou canst beleeve me,
For one nights lodging I'le a Kingdome give thee.
And if thou can'st but so beleeving be,
Vnto my Kingdome thou shalt goe with me.
That thou followd'st me it shall not be thought,
For I alone will beare the blame, and fault.
As *Theseus* did, my actions shall be such,
And his example may thee neerely touch.
For *Theseus* did carry thee away,
Castor, and *Pollux* so did also stray,
And I will be the fourth, my lov's as ample
To thee, and I will follow their example.
My *Trojan* Fleete for thee doth ready stay,
And when you please, we soone may saile away.
Thou in *Troys* City shalt live as a Queene,
Ador'd as if thou had'st some goddesse beene.
And whereseoever thou do'st please to be,
The people shall offer sacrifice to thee.
Thy kindred, and the *Trojans* shall present
Gifts unto thee, with humble complement.
I cannot here describe thy happinesse,
Farre above that my Letter doth expresse.
Let not the feare of warres thy thoughts amaze,
Or that all *Greece* will straight great forces raise
To fetch thee backe, who have they fetcht againe?
Beleeve me, those feares are but fond, and vaine.

The

The *Thracians Orithya* tooke away,
Yet no wars after troubled *Thracia*.
Iason from *Colcos* brought away *Medea*,
And yet no wars did waſt *Theſſalia*.
Phædra and *Ariadne* ſtollen were
By *Theſeus*, yet *Minos* made no warre.
" Dangers may ſeeme farre greater than they are,
" And feare my be without all ground of feare.
Suppoſe too (if you pleaſe) wars ſhould enſue,
Yet I by force, their forces could ſubdue.
My Country can to yours yeeld equall forces,
For it hath ſtoare of Men, and ſtoare of horſes:
Nor can your husband *Menelaus* ſhew
More valiant courage, than *Paris* can doe.
For when I was but a young ſtripling, I
Did reſcue our flockes from the enemy;
Who did intend to drive away them all,
Whereon thy did me *Alexander* call.
And of *Ilioneus*, and *Deiphobus* I,
When I was young, did get the victory.
And as in ſingle combat I play'd my part,
So with my Bow I could hit any marke.
And I know *Menelaus* was not ſuch
A forward youth, nor could he doe ſo much.
Beſides, *Hector's* my brother, who may ſtand
In account of Souldiers, for a whole band.
My ſtrength, and forces are unknowne to thee,
Nor knoweſt thou what a Husband I ſhall be.
And therefore, either no warres ſhall enſue,
Or *Trojans* forces ſhall the *Greekes ſubdue*.
Yet I could be content for ſuch a Wife
" To fight, ther's credit in a noble ſtrife.
Beſides, if all the world ſhould fight for thee,
Thou ſhalt be famous to poſterity.

Sweet

Sweet *Hellen* then conſent to go with me,
What I have promis'd, ſhall performed be.

The Argument of the ſixteenth Epiſtle.

Helena having read *Paris* his Epiſtle; in her anſwer ſeems at firſt offended, and chides him, and for modeſties ſake objects againſt his perſwaſions, proving them idle, but ſo that ſhe rather gives, then takes away encouragement from him to proceed in his ſuit, thereby ſhewing a womans carfty wit, according to that of *Ovid*, in his Art of love.

Forſitan & primò veniet tibi littera triſtis,
Quaq; roget, nè ſe ſollicitare velis
Quod rogat illa, timet; quod non rogat, optat ut inſtes,
Inſequere, &c.

At firſt perhaps her Letter will be ſowre,
And on thy hopes her paper ſeeme to lowre;
In which ſhe will conjure thee to be mute,
And charge thee to forbeare thy hated ſuite.
Tuſh, what ſhe moſt forewarnes, ſhe moſt deſires,
In froſty woods are hid the hotteſt fires.

At laſt ſhee ſeemes to conſent to *Paris* deſire, adviſing him as a more ſafe and honeſt courſe, not to write his deſire, but impart his mind to her waiting Mayds *Clymene* and *Æthra*, he dealing with them, ſo farre prevailed, that he brought both *Helena* and them to *Troy*.

Helena's Anſwer to Paris.

SInce thy wanton Letter did my eyes infect
When I did reade it, why ſhould I neglect
To anſwer it? Since to anſwer it can be
No breach at all of chaſtity in me.

What

Ep. 16.

What boldneſſe was it in thee, thus to breake
All lawes of hoſpitality, and to ſpeake
Thus by your Letter? thereby for to move
My affection, and ſollicite me for love.
Didſt thou on purpoſe ſaile unto our Port?
That thou mightſt wooe me, and with faire words court.
And had not we power to avoide this danger?
And ſhut our Palace gate againſt a ſtranger?
Who doſt requite our love with injurie?
Didſt thou come as a gueſt, or enemie?
I know my juſt complaint will ſeeme to thee,
To proceed from rudeneſſe, and ruſticity.
Let me ſeeme rude, ſo I preſerve my fame,
And keep my honour free from ſpot or ſtaine.
Although my countenance be not ſad or ſowre,
Though with bent browes I do not ſit and lowre.
Yet I have kept my cleere fame without ſpot,
No man hath in my Tables found a blot.
So that I wonder whence thy encouragement
Proceedeth, that thou ſhouldſt my love attempt.
Becauſe once *Theſeus* ſtole me as a prey,
Shall I the ſecond time be ſtolne away?
It had beene my fault had I given conſent,
But being ſtolne, againſt my will I went.
And yet he gather'd not my Virgin flower,
He uſ'd no violence, though I was in's power:
Some kiſſes only he did ſtriving gaine,
But no more kindneſſe could from me obtaine.
Such is thy wantonneſſe, thou wouldſt not be,
Like him content alone with kiſſing me.
He brought me back untouch't, his modeſtie
Seem'd to excuſe his former injury;
And plainly it appear'd, that the young man
For ſtealing me grew penitent againe.

But

But *Paris* comes when *Theseus* is fallen off,
That *Helen* may be still the worlds scoff.
Yet with a Lover who can be offended?
If thy love prove true as thou hast pretended.
This I do doubt, although I do not feare,
My beauty can command love any where.
But because Women should not soone beleeve men,
For men with flattering words do oft deceive them.
Though other Wives offend, and that a faire one
Is seldome chast, yet I will be that rare one.
Because you think my Mother did offend,
By her example you think me to bend.
My Mother was deceiv'd, *Iove* to her came
In the shape of a milke-white feather'd Swan.
If I offend 'tis not by ignorance
For no mistake can shaddow my offence.
And yet her error may be happy thought,
" For to offend with greatnesse is no fault.
But I should not be happy, if I erre,
Since I should not offend with *Iupiter*.
Of royall kindred thou dost boast to me,
But *Iov's* the Fountaine of Nobility.
Nay though from *Iupiter* thy selfe do spring,
And *Pelops*, and *Atreus* be to thee a King;
Iupiter's my Father, who himselfe did cover
With a Swans feathers, and deceiv'd my Mother.
Go reckon now the Pedigree of thy Nation,
And talke of *Priam*, and *Laomedon*.
Whom I doe reverence, yet thou shalt be
Remov'd from *Iupiter*, to the fift degree;
And I but one; and albeit that *Troy*
Be a great land, such is this we enjoy.
Though it for wealth, and stoare of men excell,
The Land is barbarous, where thou do'st dwell.

Yet

Yet thy Letter promiſes ſuch gifts to me,
That goddeſſes might therewith tempted be,
But if I may with modeſty ſo ſpeake,
Thy ſelfe, and not thy gifts my fancy take.
For either I'le keep my integrity
Or for thy love, not gifts I'le go with thee.
Though I deſpiſe them not, if er'e I take
Thoſe gifts, it ſhall be for the givers ſake.
For when thy gifts have no power to move me,
I do eſteeme this more that thou do'ſt love me.
And that thou ſhould'ſt a painfull voyage take
Through the rough Seas, and all even for my ſake.
And I do marke thy carriage at the Table,
Although I to diſſemble it am able.
Sometimes thou wantonly wilt on me glance,
And put me almoſt out of countenance.
Sometimes thou ſigh'ſt, and then the cup do'ſt take,
And to drinke where I did drinke, do'ſt pleaſure take.
And ſometimes with thy fingers, or a winke,
Thou cloſely would'ſt expreſſe what thou did'ſt thinke.
And I confeſſe I have bluſht many times,
For feare my husband ſhould diſcerne thy ſignes.
And oftentimes unto my ſelfe I ſaid,
If he were ſhameleſſe he would be diſmaid.
And on the Table thou haſt many a time
Faſhion'd, and drawne forth with a little wine
Thoſe letters, which my name did plainely ſhow,
And underneath them thou haſt writ, *Amo*.
I lookt on it, but ſeem'd not to beleeve thee,
But now this word *Amo* doth alſo grieve me.
By theſe allurements thou my heart might'ſt bend,
If that I would have yeelded to offend.
I muſt confeſſe thou haſt a bewtious face,
Might win a Mayd to yeeld to thy embrace.

Let

Let some one rather honestly enjoy thee,
Then that a strangers love should so destroy me.
To resist the power of beauty learne by me,
'' Virtue abstaines from things which pleasing be.
By how many young me have I wooed beene?
That beauty *Paris* sees, others have seene,
Thou art more bold, but they as much did see,
Nor hast more courage, but lesse modesty.
I would thy ship had then arriv'd heere,
When a thousand youths for love Suiters were.
For before a thousand I had preferr'd thee,
Nay even my husband must have pardon'd me.
But thou hast stay'd too long, and hast so trifl'd
That all my Virgin joyes are gone and rifled.
Thou wert too slow, therefore suppresse thy flame,
What thou desir'st, another doth obtaine.
Though to have beene thy Wife I doe wish still,
Menelaus enjoyes me, not 'gainst my will.
Cease with faire words to mollifie my breast,
If you love me let it be so expresst.
Let me live as fortune allotted me
Doe not seeke to corrupt my chastity.
But *Venus* promis'd in th' *Idean* wood,
When three nak'd goddesses before thee stood,
One promised a Kingdome unto thee,
T'other that thou in warres should'st prosp'rous be.
But *Venus*, who was the third in this strife,
Did promise *Helene* should be thy wife.
I scarce beleeve the goddesses would be
In a case of beauty judg'd so by thee.
Were the first true, the latter part is fain'd
That she gave thee me, for judgment obtain'd.
I doe not thinke my beauty such, that she
Could thinke to bribe thy judgment by that fee.

I am content that men may beauty prize,
That beauty *Venus* praises, she envies.
Ther's no assurance in a strangers love,
As they doe wander, so their love doth rove.
And when you hope to find most constancy,
Their love doth coole, and they away doe flye.
Witnesse *Ariadne* and *Hypsipyle*,
Whose lawlesse love procur'd their misery.
And it is said, thou did'st *Oenone* wrong,
Forsaking her, whom thou had'st lov'd so long.
This by thy selfe cannot denyed be,
For know I tooke care to enquire of thee.
Besides if thou had'st a desire to prove
Constant in thy affection, and true love;
Yet thou would'st be compell'd at least to faile,
And with thy *Trojans* thou away would'st saile.
For if the wished night appoynted were,
Thou would'st be gon, if that the wind stood faire.
And when our pleasures grew unto the hight,
Thou would'st be gon, if that the wind stood right:
So by a faire wind I should be bereft
Of joyes, even in the mid'st imperfect left.
Or as thou perswad'st shall I follow thee
To *Troy*, and so great *Priam's* Daughter be.
Yet I doe not so much contemne swift fame,
That *I* would stick disgrace upon my name.
What would *Priam*, and his Wife thinke of me
With's Daughters, and thy brothers which many be.
What might *Sparta*, and *Greece* of *Helen* say?
Or what might *Troy* report, and *Asia*?
And how canst thou hope I should faithfull prove?
And not to others as to thee grant love.
So that if a strange ship do arrive here,
It will procure in thee a jealous feare.

And in thy rage call me Adultereſſe,
When thou art guilty of my wickedneſſe.
Thou that did'ſt cauſe my fault, wilt me upbraid,
O may I firſt into my grave be layd!
But I ſhall have *Troy's* wealth, go rich and brave,
And more than thou canſt promiſe, I ſhall have.
Tiſſue, and Cloath of gold they ſhall preſent me,
And ſtoare of gold ſhall for a gift be ſent me.
Yet pardon me, thoſe gifts cannot inflame me,
I know not how thy Land would entertaine me.
If in the *Trojan* Land I ſhould wrong'd be,
How could my brother, or father helpe me?
Falſe *Iaſon* with faire promiſes beguild
Medea, who was afterward exil'd.
Her father *Æetes* was not there, to whom,
When ſhe was ſcorn'd by *Iaſon*, ſhe might come.
Nor her mother *Ipſea*, to whom ſhe,
Might returne, nor her ſiſter *Chalciope*.
I feare not this, nor was *Medea* afraid,
" For thoſe who meane beſt, ſooneſt are betray'd.
Ships in the harbour doe in ſafety ride,
But are toſt at Sea, and doe ſtormes abide.
And that ſome firebrand too affrighteth me,
Of which my mother dreamt and thought that ſhe
Had been deliver'd, and beſides too I
Do feare *Caſſandras* diſmall propheſie;
Who did foretell, as truth did her inſpire,
The *Greekes* ſhould waſt the City *Troy* with fire.
And beſides, as faire *Venus* favours thee,
B'cauſe thy judgement gave her the victory:
I feare the other goddeſſes do grudg
At thee, becauſe thou did'ſt againſt them judge.
And I know that wars may follow after,
Our fatall love ſhall be reveng'd with ſlaughter,

Yet

Yet to allow her praiſe I am content,
Why ſhould I queſtion that ſhe which hath meant?
Yet for my ſlow beliefe be not thou griev'd,
For ſuch great matters hardly are beleev'd.
Firſt I am glad that *Venus* did regard me,
Secondly that with me ſhe did reward thee.
And that *Helen*, when you of her beauty heard,
Was before *Pallas* and *Juno's* gifts preferr'd.
Am I both Wiſedome, and a Kingdome to thee?
Since thou lov'ſt me, ſhould I no kindneſſe ſhew thee?
I'me not ſo cruell, yet cannot incline
To love him, who I feare cannot be mine.
For ſuppoſe I to Sea would goe with thee,
To ſteale hence I have no opportunity.
In lov's thefts I am ignorant and rude,
Heaven knowes my husband I did nere delude.
And in a Letter thus my mind to ſhew,
Is a taske, I before did never doe.
They are happpy that do uſe it every day,
To offend it is hard to find the way.
A kind of painefull feare reſtraineth me,
And how they looke on us methinkes I ſee.
Of the grumbling people I am much afraid,
For *Æthra* told me long ſince what they ſaid.
But take no notice, nor do thou deſiſt,
I know you can diſſemble, if you liſt.
Then ſport and ſpare not, but let us be wary,
" And if not chaſt, let us at leaſt be chary.
For though that *Menelaus* abſent be,
I muſt diſcreetly uſe my liberty.
For though he is on earneſt buſineſſe gon,
And for this journey had occaſion;
I tooke occaſion thus my love to ſhow,
Make haſte to returne, Sheet-heart, if you goe;

And he straightway to recompence my wish,
Of his returne, gave me a joyfull kisse.
Charging me that my care should be expresst
In looking to his house, and *Trojan* guest.
I smil'd, and to him could lay nought at all,
I striv'd to refraine laughing, with I shall.
So with a prosp'rous wind he sail'd to *Creet*,
Yet to do, what thou do'st list, is not meet.
I me kept in his absence with guards most strong.
" Do'st thou not know the hands of Kings are long?
Besides thou wrong'st us both, in praising me,
For when he heares is, he will jealous be.
The fame of beauty maketh me suspected,
I would I had the fame of it neglected.
Though to leave us together he thought fit,
To my owne keeping he did me commit.
" He knew there could no better gardian be,
" To keepe me chaste, than my owne honesty.
He fear'd my beauty, but my chastity
Did take away that idle jelousie.
To make use of time thou adviseſt me,
Since his absence gives opportunity.
I must confesse I have a good mind to it,
But am yet unresolv'd, and feare to doe it.
Besides you know my husband is from home,
And you without a wife do lye alone.
The Nights are long, and while we sit together
In one house, we may talke unto each other.
And woe is me! when we are both alone,
I know thou hast a faire alluring tongue.
Thus every circumstance seemes to invite me,
And nothing but a bashfull feare doth fright me.
Since perswasions do no good, leave that course
And make me leave this bashfulnesse by force.

Such force would seeme a welcome injury,
And I would faine be thus compell'd by thee.
Yet let me rather my new love restraine,
A little water quenches a young flame.
Did not the stout inhabitants of *Thessalia*
Fight with the *Centaures* for *Hippodamia*?
And do'st thou not thinke *Menelaus* hath,
And *Tyndarus* as violent a wrath?
Although of valour thou do'st boast to me,
Thy words and amorous face doe not agree.
Thou art not fit for Mars, nor for the field,
But for *Venus* combats, which pleasure yeeld.
Let valiant hardy men of wars approve,
But *Paris* follow thou the wars of love.
Let *Hector* fight for thee whom thou do'st praise,
The gentle wars of Love shall give thee Bayes.
And in these wars tis wisedome for to fight,
And any Mayd that's wise will take delight,
Nor upon idle poynts of modesty stand,
I may perhaps in time give thee my hand.
But it is your desire, that you and I
Should meet, I know what you do meane thereby.
Thus far this guilty Letter hath reveal'd
A piece of my mind, the rest is conceal'd.
By *Clymene* and *Æthra* we may further
Make knowne our minds, more fully to each other.
For these two Maydens in such matters be
Companions, and Counsellers to me.

The Argument of the seventeenth Epistle.

The Sea of *Hellespont* being seven furlongs over, and as *Plin.* witnesseth dividing *Europe* from *Asia*, it had on the one side *Sestos* in *Europe* where *Hero* lived, and *Abydon* in *Asia* where *Leander* dwelleth, being two opposite Cities. *Leander* of *Abydon* being deeply in love with *Hero* of *Sestos*, he did use to swim by night unto her over the *Hellespont*: but being hindred by the tempestuous roughnesse of the Sea, after seven dayes were past, he sent this Letter to his Swee-theart *Hero*, by an adventurous Shipmaster that put forth to Sea in the storme. Wherein he sheweth first that his love is firme, and constant. Afterward he complayneth that the roughnesse of the Sea should hinder him from swimming to her. Lastly he promiseth her that he will venture to come, and expose him to the dangers of the unmercifull Sea, rather than to want the sight of her, or her sweet company. Whence *Martiall* thus of him singeth.

Cum peteret dulces audax Leander amores,
Et fessus tumidis jam premeretur aquis;
Sic miser instantes affatus dicitur undas;
Parcite dum propero, mergite dum redeo.

While bold *Leander* to his Sweet-heart swims,
And swelling waves did beate his weary limbs.
To the Billowes that beate him so,
'Tis said, that thus he spake;
Spare me while I to *Hero* go,
Drowne me when I come backe.

Leander to *Hero.*

THy love *Leander* wisheth thee all health,
(*Hero*) which I had rather bring my selfe,

For

Ep. 17.
ye Hellespontieke Sea

For if the rough Seas had more calmer beene,
From *Abydos* to *Sestos* I would swim.
If the fates smile upon our love, then I
Do know, thou wilt reade my lines willingly.
This paper messenger may welcome be,
But thou had'st rather have my company.
But the fates frowne, and will not suffer me,
(As I was used) to swim unto thee.
The skie is black, the Seas are rough, alasse,
So that no Ship, or Bark from home dare passe.
Yet one bold Ship-master went from our Haven,
To whom this present Letter I have given.
And had come with him, but the *Abydians* stayd
Vpon their watch-towers, while he Anchor way'd.
For presently they would have me discri'd,
And discern'd our love, which we seek to hide.
Forthwith this Letter I did write, and so
I said unto it, happy Letter goe;
This is thy happinesse, thou must understand,
That *Hero* shall receive thee with her hand:
And perhaps thou shalt kisse her rosie lips,
While with her teeth the Seale she open rips.
Having spoke these words, then my right hand after
Did write these words upon this silent Paper.
But I doe wish, that my right hand might be
Not us'd in writing, but to swim to thee:
It is more fit to swim, yet I can write
My minde with ease, and aptly can endite.
Seven nights are past, which seeme to me a yeare,
Since first the Seas with stormes enraged were.
These nights seem'd long to me, I could not sleepe,
To thinke the Sea should still his roughnesse keepe.
Those Torches, which on thy Towre burning be
I saw, or else I thought that I did see.

Thrice I put off my cloaths, and did begin
Three times to make tryall, if I could swim.
But swelling Seas did my desire oppose,
Whose rising billowes o're my face o'reflowes.
But *Boreas*, who art the fiercest wind,
Why thus to crosse me, do'st thou bend thy mind?
Thou do'st not storme against the Seas, but me,
Had'st thou not beene in love, what would'st thou be?
Though thou art cold, yet once thou did'st approve
Orithya, who did warme thy heart with love.
And would'st have vex'd, if with *Orithya* faire
Thy passage had beene hindred through the ayre.
O spare me then, and calme thy blustring wind,
Even so may'st thou from *Æolus* favour find.
But I perceive he murmurs at my Prayer,
And still the Seas as rough, and stormy are.
I wish that *Dedalus* would give wings to me,
Though the *Icarian* Seas not far off be,
Where *Icarus* did fall, when he did proffer
To flye too high, let me the same chance suffer;
While flying through the ayre to thee I come,
As through the water I have often swom.
But since both wind, and Seas denye to me
My passage, think how I first came to thee.
It was at that time when night doth begin,
(" Th' remembrance of past pleasures, pleasure bring)
When I who was *Amans*, which we translate
A Lover, stole out of my Fathers Gate,
And having put off all my cloathes strait way,
My armes through the moyst Seas did cut their way.
The Moone did yeeld a glimmering light to me,
Which all the way did beare me company.
I looking on her, said, some favour have
Towards me, and thinke upon the *Latmian* Cave.

O

O favour me! for thy *Endymions* sake,
Prosper this stollen journey which I take.
A mortals love made thee come from thy Sphere,
And she I love, is like a goddesse faire.
For none unlesse that she a goddesse be,
Can be so vertuous, and so faire as she.
Nay, none but *Venus*, or thy selfe can be
So faire, view her, if you'l not credit me.
For as thy silver beames doe shine more bright
Than lesser streames, which yeeld a dimmer light:
Even so of all faire ones she is rarest,
And *Cynthia* cannot doubt but she's the fairest.
When I these words, or else the like had said,
My passage through the Sea by night I made.
The Moones bright beames were in the water seene,
And 'twas as light as if it day had beene.
No noise or voice unto my eares did come,
But the murmure of the water as I swom.
Only the *Alcyons* for lov'd *Ceyx* sake,
Seemed by night a sweet complaint to make.
But when my armes to grow tir'd did begin,
Vnto the top of the waves I did spring.
But when I saw thy Torch, O then quoth I,
Where that fire blazeth, my faire Love doth lye.
For that same shoare, said I, doth her containe,
Who is my goddesse, my fire, and my flame.
These words to my armes did such strength restore,
Me thought the Sea grew calmer than before.
The coldnesse of the waves I seem'd to scorne,
For love did keepe my amorous heart still warme.
The neerer I came to the shoare, I finde
The greater courage and more strength of minde.
But when I could by thee discerned be,
Thou gav'st me courage by looking on me.

Then

Then to pleaſe thee, my Miſtreſſe, I begin
To ſpread my armes abroad, and ſtrongly ſwim.
Thy Nurſe from leaping downe could ſcarce ſtay thee,
This without flattery I did alſo ſee.
And though ſhe did reſtraine thee, thou didſt come
Downe to the ſhoare, and to the waves didſt run.
And to imbrace and kiſſe me didſt begin,
"The gods to get ſuch kiſſes ſure would ſwim.
And thy owne garments thou would'ſt put on me,
Drying my haire which had beene wet at Sea.
What paſt beſides, the Tower, and we do know,
And Torch, which through the ſea my way did ſhow.
The joyes of that night we no more can count,
Than drops of water in the Helleſpont.
And becauſe we had ſo little time for pleaſure,
We uſ'd our time, and did not waſte our leaſure.
But when *Aurora* roſe from *Tithons* bed,
And the morning ſtarre ſhewed his gliſtering head;
Then we did kiſſe in haſte, and kiſſe againe,
And that the night was paſt we did complaine.
When thy Nurſe did me of the time informe,
Then from thy Towre, I to the ſhoare returne.
With teares we parted, and then I begin,
Back through the Helleſpont againe to ſwim.
And while I ſwom, I ſhould looke back on thee,
As far as I could thee (Sweet *Hero*) ſee.
And if you will beleeve me, when I did come
Hither unto thee, then me thought I ſwom.
But when from thee againe I return'd back,
I ſeem'd like one that had ſuffer'd ſhipwrack.
To my home I went unwillingly againe,
My City 'gainſt my will doth me containe.
Alas! why ſhould we be by ſeas disjoyn'd?
Since that love hath united us in mind.

Since

Since we beare such affection to each other,
Why should not we in one land dwell together?
In *Sestos*, or *Abydos* dwell with me,
Thy countrey pleaseth me, as mine doth thee.
Why should the rough seas thus perplex our minds?
Why should we be parted by cruell winds?
The Dolphins with our love acquainted grow,
The fish by often swimming do me know.
And through the water I have worne a path,
Like to those wheele-ruts which a high-way hath.
I complaine that I to such shifts was put,
But now the winds that passage have up shut.
The Hellespont is rough, the waves go high,
So that ships scarce in Harbour safe do lye.
And I beleeve this Sea her name first found,
From the Virgin *Helle*, who was in't drown'd.
This sea shall by her death infamous be,
Her name doth show her guilt, though she spare me.
I envie *Iason*, who did saile to *Greece*,
And fetcht away from thence the golden Fleece
In his ship call'd the Ram, yet I desire
No ship of his, this is all I require;
That the waters of the Hellespont would be
So gentle, to permit me swim to thee.
I want no art to swim, give leave to me,
And both the Ship and Pilot I will be.
I will not saile by the great or lesser Beare,
For by such common stars love doth not steare;
Let others on *Andromeda's* star look,
Or *Ariadnes* Crowne to Heaven tooke;
Nor yet *Calistos* stars which do shine cleare,
In the Polar Circle, which they call the Beare.
These stars which by the gods were stellifi'd,
In my doubtfull passage shall not be my guide.

But

But I have a more brighter ſtar than theſe,
My love will guide me through the darkeſt Seas.
Oft when my armes grow tir'd with wearineſſe,
That they cannot cut their way through the ſeas,
When I do tell them, that to quit their paine,
They ſhould imbrace thee, they would then againe,
To enjoy their prize, with ſuch a freſh ſtrength ſwim,
Like a ſwift Horſe that doth to run begin.
Thou art my ſtar, and I will follow thee,
Rather than all thoſe ſtars in Heaven be.
Thou, thou art far more worthy for to ſhine
A ſtar in Heaven, yet ſtay on earth thy time.
Or if thou wilt needs go, then ſhow to me
The way to Heaven, that I may follow thee.
Thou art here, yet I the way to thee can't finde,
The roughneſſe of the ſeas perplex my minde.
What though the Ocean do not us two part?
This narrow ſea keepes me from thee Sweetheart.
If I ſhould in ſome diſtant Countrey be,
It would cut off all hope of ſeeing thee.
But now I am inflam'd with more deſire,
And burne the more the neerer to my fire.
And though the thing I wiſh for abſent be,
Yet I do hope for that I cannot ſee.
That which I love, I almoſt ſeeme to touch,
Which makes me weepe to think my hopes are ſuch.
I catch at Apples which from me do flie
Like *Tantalus*, or the ſtreame which glides by.
Shall I then never be poſſeſt of thee,
Vntill the winds and ſea ſo pleaſed be?
When wind and water fickle be, ſhall I
Vpon the wind and water ſtill relye?
Shall I be hindered by the raging Seas?
The Goates, Bootes, or the Plejades?

If

If I have any courage, thou ſhalt ſee,
Love ſhall imbolden me to ſwim to thee.
And if I promiſe, I will come away,
And performe promiſe without all delay.
If ſeas continue ſtill their raging anger,
I'le try to ſwim to thee in ſpight of danger;
Either my bold attempt ſhall happy prove,
Or death ſhall give an end unto my love.
Yet I do wiſh my body may be driven,
Like to a wrack to thy beloved Haven.
Then thou wilt weepe on it, and ſay, 'twas I
Was the occaſion, that this man did dye.
I know when thou haſt in my Letter found
This word of death, thou wilt hate the ſad ſound.
Feare not; but that the ſea may now incline
To calmeneſſe, joyne your prayers, I pray, with mine.
If it were calme untill I did ſwim thither,
Arriv'd, let it againe be bluſtering weather.
In the Harbour of thy Caſtle I'le abide,
And in thy chamber at ſafe Anchor ride.
Let bluſtring Boreas ſtrongly there incloſe me,
I delight to ſtay there, though he oppoſe me.
For then I will be wary, and moſt ſlack
To venture to returne, or to ſwim back.
On the deafe billowes I'le not raile in vaine,
Nor on the rough, and raging ſea complaine.
The winds, and thy imbraces ſhould keep me
Wind-bound, and love-bound, ſtill to ſtay with thee.
Yet ſoone as the ſea permits, I'le begin
To uſe my armes, and unto thee I'le ſwim.
And be thou carefull to put forth a light
Upon thy Turret, to direct my ſight.
Untill then let my Letter lodge this night
With thee, as Harbinger of my delight.

Which

Which though it go before me, I doe pray;
That I may follow it without delay.

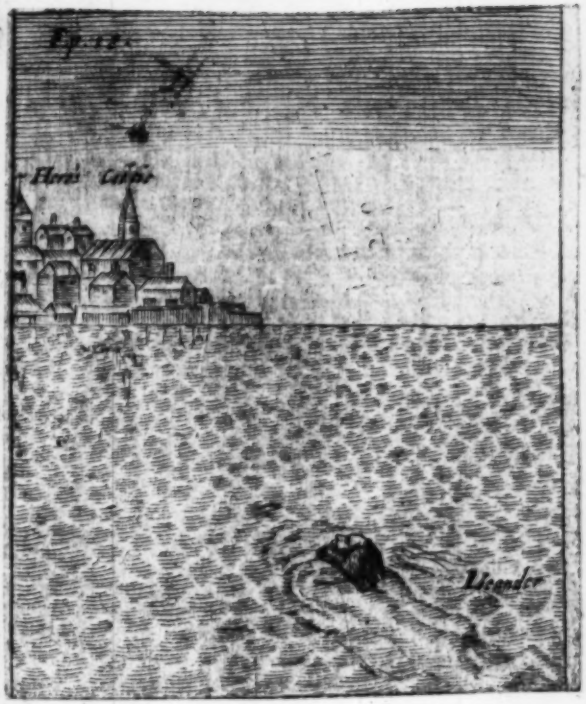
The Argument of the eighteenth Epistle.

Hero having received *Leanders* Letter, answers it with many expressions of a mutuall affection, and invites him to hasten his comming, that she might enjoy his company: sometimes accusing his slackneſse, thereby to shew the sincerity and integrity of her owne love; sometimes inveighing against the sea: sometimes fearing lest he loved some other, then recanting that suspition, ascribing it to the custome of Lovers, who are apt to suspition. Lastly she perswades him not to expose himselfe to the mercy of the Sea untill it grow calme.

HERO *to* LEANDER.

THat health *Leander* which thou sent'st in word,
Come, and most really to me afford.
For our ioyes are deferred by thy stay,
And my love growes impatient of delay.
Our love is equall, but I am the weaker;
For men are of a stout and stronger nature.
Maids have a tender body, and soft mind,
If thou do stay, I shall with griefe be pin'd.
You men can spend the tedious time, and leasure,
In hunting, or some other countrey pleasure.
Or sometimes you can go unto the Court,
Or in riding, or tilting take your sport.

You


Ep. 12.
Flora's Castle
Lleander

You often Hawke, and Angle many a time,
And ſpend ſome houres in drinking of rich wine.
But unto me love doth a torment prove,
I have no buſineſſe here to do, but love.
Thou only art a pleaſure unto me,
I love thee more than can beleeved be.
For either with my Nurſe I talke of thee,
Wondring what ſtayeth thy comming to me.
Or looking to the ſea, ſometimes I chide
The ſea, cauſe it doth ſtill ſo rough abide.
Or when I ſee the Sea is calmer growne,
I think that when thou maiſt, thou wilt not come.
While I complaine, ſad teares ſpring in my eies,
Which with a trembling hand my old Nurſe dryes.
Then I do look if any print remaine
Of thy footeſteps, which the ſands yet retaine.
And oftentimes I enquire if any be
Bound for *Abydos*, ſo to write to thee.
And I do kiſſe thy clothes thou didſt leave here,
When thou didſt ſwim Helleſpont without feare;
When day is done, and the more friendly night
With ſpangled ſtars hath put the day to flight.
Then I ſet out a light, for a Land-marke
Vpon my Towre, to guide thee in the darke.
And then ſometimes with ſpinning I aſſay,
To paſſe the time, which runs ſo ſlow away.
And that I may the tedious houres beguile,
I talke of my *Leander* all the while.
And to my Nurſe I ſpeake thus, doſt not thou
Thinke that my ioy, and love is comming now?
Or think'ſt thou that his friends watch him, that he
Is hindered ſo from comming unto me?
Doſt thou not think that he even now begins
To put off his clothes, and anoint his limbes?

Yes

Yes, saies my old nurse, who did strive to keepe
Time with her head while she did nodding sleepe.
And senseleſſe of all love, car'd not though I
Did want thy kiſſes, and ſweete company.
Then I ſhould ſay to her a little after,
Now I doe thinke her's ſwimming through the water.
And having drawne my thred forth, I would ſay,
Now I doe thinke he is in the middle way.
Then I looked forth, and fearefully did pray,
The wind would favour thee upon the way.
Sometimes I liſtned unto every voice,
Thinking thou wert come, if I heard a noiſe.
Thus I would ſpend moſt of the night, till ſleepe
Vpon my weary eyes by ſtealth did creepe.
And ſometimes thou ſleep'ſt with me in my dreame,
And art come, though to come thou doſt not meane.
And now me thinkes that in my dreame I ſee
Thee ſwimming, now thou art embracing me.
And now to clothe thy wet limbes I doe ſtrive,
And in my warme boſome doe thee revive.
And other things I dreame of which muſt be
Conceald at this time for modeſty.
For that which in the doing pleas'd us well,
Yet being done it is a ſhame to tell.
But woe is me, theſe pleaſures are ſoone done,
For when my dreame doth vaniſh, thou art gone.
O let us at the length more firmely meet,
That our joyes may be reall and more ſweet.
Why have I layne ſo many nights from thee?
And why doſt thou delay to ſwimme to me?
Though the Seas yet for ſwimming unfit are,
Yet yeſter night the winds more calmer were.
And why didſt thou then feare to come to me?
Why didſt not uſe that opportunity?

Though

Though you have another ſeaſon, yet at leaſt
Becauſe this was the firſt, this was the beſt.
The fickle ſea doth quickly change her face,
But thou canſt ſwim it in a little ſpace.
And ſuppoſe winds and ſtormes ſhould keep thee here,
While I imbrace thee, thou needſt nothing feare:
Then I would have the winds blow high enough,
And I would pray the ſeas might ſtill be ruffe.
But why doſt thou the winds and ſeas now feare,
Which formerly by thee deſpiſed were.
For I remember thou didſt ſwim to me,
When the Seas were as rough as now they be:
When I did wiſh thee not ſo raſh to be,
Leſt thy raſhneſſe ſhould make me weepe for thee.
But where is all thy courage now become?
Who through the Helleſpont haſt often ſwom.
Yet doe not thou ſuch raſh adventures make,
But when the ſea is calme thy journey take.
If thou doſt love me ſtill, as thou doſt write,
And that our flame of love burnes cleere and bright:
I feare not winds ſo much that croſſe my mind,
As that thy love ſhould prove fickle as wind.
Or that thou think'ſt me unworthy, to enter
Such dangers, and for my ſake to adventure.
And ſometimes I am very much afraid,
Leaſt thou of *Abydos* ſcorn'ſt a *Seſtian* maid.
But it would grieve me more than all the reſt,
If thou ſhould'ſt love another Sweet-heart beſt;
Or if ſome Harlots armes ſhould thee imbrace,
While that her new love doth the old diſplace.
O may I die before that I do ſee
My ſelfe, in ſuch a manner wrong'd by thee.
Yet do I not write this, becauſe that I
From thee, or fame, have cauſe of jealouſie.

Yet still I feare (who can securely love?)
" For absence often doth suspition move.
Those lovers be happy that present are,
And know when to be jealous, when not to feare.
Wer ainely feare, and slight true injuries,
And nourish in our breast fond jealousies.
O would'st thou come, or else would I might finde
No woman hinders thee, but the fierce wind.
Which when I know, beleeve me, I shall dye
With griefe to thinke upon thy injury.
For if that thou hadst a desire to send
Me to my grave, thou might'st before offend.
But thou wilt not offend, my feares are vaine,
I know the Winters stormes do thee detaine.
Wo's me! the billowes do go rough and high,
And obscure clouds doe darken all the skie.
Or *Helles* Mother makes the sea-Waves weepe,
While they her daughters obsequies do keepe.
Or *Ino* her step-mother now doth please,
Chang'd to a goddesse, thus to vex the seas.
This sea unto Young maids unkind doth prove,
It drowned *Helle*, and doth crosse my love.
If *Neptune* his owne love had call'd to mind,
Our love had not beene crost so by the wind.
It is no fable that thou didst approve
Of faire *Amymone*, and her didst love.
Alcyone, and *Ceyce* thy Sweet-hearts were,
And *Medusa* before she had snakie haire.
Laodice and *Celeno* a Pleiades,
And many I have read of beside these.
O *Neptune*, thou these Sweet-hearts hadst in store,
As Poets do report, and many more.
Since thou so oft the force of love didst prove;
Why still from comming dost thou stay my Love?

Spare

Spare us, let ſtormes rage in the Ocean wide,
This ſea doth two parts of the world divide.
For thee to toſſe great ſhips it is moſt meet,
Or expreſſe thy rage in ſcattering a Fleet.
To diſturbe theſe ſeas can no glory be,
Or to hinder a young man would ſwim to me.
For know *Leander* nobly is deſcended,
Not from *Vlyſſes*, ill of thee befriended.
Preſerve us both, for while that he doth ſwim;
"He's in the water, but my life's in him.
But now my candle (by whoſe watchfull light
As it ſtood by me, I theſe lines did write)
Began to ſparkle at that very time,
Which we did take to be a happy ſigne.
And my Nurſe put wine to it, to maintaine
The Lampe, and cheriſh the reviving flame.
Sayes ſhe, here will be ſtrangers I do thinke
To morrow, and with theſe words ſhe doth drink.
Leander come, and let our number be
Increaſ'd, for I do love thy company.
Leander unto thy owne love returne.
For why ſhould I ſtill lye alone, and mourne?
Thou haſt no cauſe thus feareſull ſtill to be,
Venus will calme the ſea, and favour thee.
Sometimes to wade through the ſea I begin,
But this ſea hath to women fatall beene.
For *Iaſon* over it in ſafety came,
But a woman gave to theſe ſeas their name.
If thou fear'ſt thou ſhould'ſt want ſtrength to performe
This double labour; to come, and returne:
Let us in the midſt of the ſea both meet,
And with a kiſſe each other kindly greet.
Then to our Cities both returne againe,
This would ſome comfort be, though it were vaine.

I would that we had no regard of Fame,
Which makes us love in secret, nor of shame.
" For love and fearefulnesse do ill agree;
That perswades to pleasure, this to modestie.
When that young *Iason* did to *Colchos* come,
He bore away *Medea* with him soone.
Soone as *Paris* to *Lacedemon* came,
He straight returned with his prey againe:
Thou com'st to me, but leavest me behind,
And swim'st when ships can scarce a passage finde.
But my *Leander* have a care hereafter,
Not only to despise, but feare the water.
Strong ships unto the sea are made a scorne,
Think'st thou thy armes can more than oares performe?
The Marriners *(Leander)* feare to swim,
Till they are forc'd, when they have shipwrackt been.
Woe's me, I perswade 'gainst that I require,
Let not my words discourage thee, I desire.
With thy armes swim through the seas, which being done
Embrace me with those armes when thou art come.
But as oft as I to the blew seas looke,
My heart is with a sudden cold feare strooke.
And I am troubled with my last nights dreame,
Though I sacrific'd 'gainst that it did meane.
About morning, when the Candle sleepy grew
And wink'd, when dreames most usually are true:
Out of my drowsie fingers fell my threed,
And on my pillow I did rest my head.
When in my dreame I thought that I had seene
A Dolphin, that on the rough waves did swim.
Which the waves cast up on the shoare, and left
Vpon the boiling sands, of life bereft.
I know not what this might presage, or meane,
Stay till the sea be calme, slight not my dreame;

If thou wilt not ſpare thy ſelfe, ſpare thou me,
My life and happineſſe conſiſts in thee.
I hope the rough ſeas will grow calme, then ſtay,
And through the calme ſea cut thy gentler way.
Vntill then, ſince thou canſt not ſwim, nor come,
Let this Letter make the time not ſeeme long.

The Argument of the nineteenth Epiſtle.

Acontius going to *Diana's* ſacrifices, whichwere celebrated by Virgins in *Delos*, the chiefeſt Iland of all the *Cyclades* in the *Ægean* Sea, fell in love with *Cydippe* a noble maid: but he in regard of the inequality of his birth not daring to ſolicite her love, did cunningly write on a faire Apple theſe two verſes.

Iuro tibi ſanè per myſtica ſacra Diana,
Me tibi venturam comitem, ſponſamq; futuram.
By *Diana's* ſacred rites I ſweare to thee,
Thy loving Conſort and Wife I will bee.

And ſo he caſt the Apple at the maids feet; who ignorant of his cunning, reading it at unawares, ſhe promiſed that ſhe would be wife to *Acontius*. For it was a law, that what was ſpoken before the gods in the Temple of *Diana* ſhould be ratified. So that *Acontius* endeavours in this Epiſtle to perſwade her, that *Diana* had inflicted ſickneſſe on her, becauſe ſhe had violated her promiſe made in the goddeſſes preſence. And to allure her to his deſires, his Exordium endeavours to make her confident to reade, without any ſuſpition of deceit, like the former. Afterward he ſtrives to make her husband contemptible in her ſight, perſwading her that he was the cauſe of all her ſickneſſe.

Acontius to *Cydippa*.

BE not afraid, ſince that thou ſhalt not ſweare,
As thou didſt before to thy Lover, here;
For thou didſt ſweare enough at that ſame time,
When thou didſt promiſe that thou would'ſt be mine.
Reade it; and ſo may thy ſickneſſe leave thee,
And paines, which alſo are a paine to me.
For why ſhould thy ingenuous cheekes be ſpred
As in *Dian's* Temple with bluſhing red.

Ep. 19.

Since to performe thy promiſe I doe move thee,
And not loſely, but as a husband love thee.
For if thoſe words thou would'ſt but call to minde,
Which I did write upon the Apples rinde;
And caſt before thee, being read by thee,
In reading it thou didſt promiſe to me,
Even that which I doe now of thee deſire,
Words and faith do not at once expire.
When *Diana* depriv'd thee firſt of health
I fear'd it; Virgin thinke upon thy ſelfe.
And now I feare the ſame, for now at length,
The flame of love in me hath gotten ſtrength.
My ſtrong affection doth increaſe, and grow
Encourag'd by that hope which you did ſhow.
Thou gav'ſt me hope, from thee it did proceed
Diana is a witneſſe to thy deed.
For thou didſt ſweare by *Dian's* majeſtie,
Acontius I do meane to marry thee.
And to theſe words which from thy mouth then went,
Diana bow'd in token of conſent.
If thou doſt urge, thou wert deceiv'd by me,
The deceipt came from love, my love from thee.
Seeking thereby to thee to be united,
That ſhould win favour, wherewith thou art frighted.
I'me not ſo crafty by nature, or uſe,
Thy beauty doth this craftineſſe infuſe.
Ingenious love, and not my art firſt joyn'd
Thoſe words, which thee to me did firmely bind.
For love this cunning trick to me diſcloſ'd,
And words of mariage in two lines compoſ'd.
Yet let this act of mine deceitfull prove,
If it be deceit to get what we love.
And now I write, for favour I entreat,
Complaine of this, if this be a deceit.

If loving thee, an injurie I do thee,
Though thou forbid me, I will love and wooe thee.
Some have by force their Swcet-hearts away brought,
To write a Letter shall it be a fault?
Since that a Letter a new a knot doth tye
Of that promis'd love between thee, and I.
Though thou art coy to me, yet I shall make thee
More kinde, and I do know that I shall take thee;
For albeit thou scape out of this net,
Thou shalt not scape all those, which love can set.
And if that gentle meanes, and Art do faile,
Then force against thy coinesse shall prevaile.
I do not hold that *Paris* was in fault,
Or those who their desires by force have sought.
And so will I: although that death should be
His sad reward, that ventures to steale thee.
Wert thou lesse faire, my suit would be more cold,
But now thy beauteous face doth make me bold.
My flame of love proceeds from thy faire eyes,
Which do out shine the bright stars in the skies.
And from thy white neck, which thy browne haire graces,
And from thy armes fit only for imbraces.
Thy modest countenance also taketh me
Where silent beauties sweetly placed be.
Thy feet like Ivory are so pure and white,
That *Thetis*, I suppose, hath not the like.
I were happy, if I might praise the rest,
Thy parts summ'd up together would be best.
It is no wonder, since thou art so faire,
If by thy owne words I did thee insnare.
For if thou should'st confesse thy selfe to be
Taken by my deceit, and treachery;
Let me beare the envie of it, and blame,
So that I may the fruits of love obtaine.

Achilles did by force faire *Briſeis* take,
Yet ſhe lov'd him, and would not him forſake.
Find fault with what thou wilt, and angry be,
So that in anger I may enjoy thee.
I that have mov'd your anger, will appeaſe you,
And if you give me leave, I'le ſtrive to pleaſe you.
For I will ſtand before you, and there weepe,
While my teares with my words due time ſhall keepe.
And like ſome ſervant that correction feares,
I'le hold my hands up, and beg with my teares.
Aſſume your right, I'me a ſlave to your beauty,
Be you my Miſtreſſe, and teach me my duty.
Although that you ſhould ſtrike me, and ſhould teare
In an imperious manner, my long haire.
I'le ſuffer all, and only afraid be,
Leaſt you ſhould hurt your hand with ſtriking me.
Thou needſt not fetter me with iron chaines,
"He ſerveth willingly whom love conſtraines.
When thou haſt ſatisfied thy wrath on me,
Thou wilt then ſay; how patient is he?
And noting my patience ſay, ſince I ſee
That he can ſerve ſo well, he ſhall ſerve me.
I know thou doſt condemne me in abſence,
And my good cauſe doth want a juſt defence.
That only which I on the Apple writ
Is my offence, yet love endited it.
Beſides *Diana* ſhould not mocked be,
Keepe thy promiſe with her, though not with me.
She ſaw thee bluſh, when as thou wert deceiv'd,
And ſhe did heare thoſe words which thou didſt reade.
And who can be more violent than ſhe?
To thoſe that doe prophane her majeſtie.
Who more angry than *Althea* with her ſon
More fierce than was the Boare of *Calydon*.

She made *Acteons* hounds their Master hunt,
As he with them to chase wilde beasts was wont.
Shee did *Niobe* to a stone transforme
Which in *Bithynia* stands, and seemes to mourne.
Cydippe, I dare not speake truth to thee,
Least my admonishment seeme false to be.
Yet I must speake, her wrath inflicts on thee
This sickenesse, when that thou should'st marri'd be.
From perjury shee'd have thee keepe thy selfe,
" By sickenesse she would bring thy minde to health.
And when to break thy vow, thou would'st begin,
Shee keepes thee from committing of that sinne.
Then doe not thou *Diana* more incense,
Shee may be wrought to remit thy offence.
That so thy feaver may not quite destroy
Thy beauty, sav'd that I may it enjoy.
Preserve that beauty, which my love first bred,
Where snowie whitenesse shaddoweth red.
May those would crosse our love, endure that paine,
Which I while thou art sicke doe now sustaine.
I would not have thee sick, nor married be,
I know not which of these would most grieve me.
Sometimes it grieveth me, that I should grieve thee,
And that I did so cunningly deceive thee.
For my mistres's perjury, ô punish me,
Ye gods; from punishment let her be free.
And sometimes I occasion take to goe
By the doore, that I may know how you doe.
And in secret manner enquiring keepe
Of your maid, how you eate, and take your sleepe.
I would I had beene a Physician bred,
To feele thy pulse, and sit upon thy bed.
And woe is me, that I must absent be,
While that my Rivall is perhaps with thee.

He

He holds thy hand, and ſits on thy bed ſide,
Who is by all the gods, and me envy'd.
And while that he thy beating pulſe doth try,
Thy white arme he doth often touch thereby.
He handles thee, and then perhaps a kiſſe,
Rewards his ſervice with too great a bliſſe.
Who hath permitted thee to reape my crop?
And take away the fruits of all my hope?
Her ſelfe, and kiſſes thou muſt underſtand
Are mine by promiſe, then take off thy hand.
Take off thy hand, for ſhe my owne ſhall be,
Vnleſſe thou wilt commit Adultery.
Some other Mayden chuſe that yet is free,
Of her Tenement I muſt Land-lord be.
Thou mai'ſt beleeve our covenants if not me,
To ſhew they're firme, let her reade them to thee.
Therefore thou haſt no right, I ſay to thee,
Vnto her marriage bed, 'tis kept for me.
Though her Father to thee did her aſſigne,
Yet thy right cannot be ſo good as mine.
Her Father did betroth her unto thee,
But ſhe herſelfe did give herſelfe to me.
He promis'd before men ſhe ſhould be thine,
She promis'd before *Diana* ſhe would be mine.
He breakes his word, ſhe violates her oath,
And do'ſt thou doubt which is the worſt of both.
Laſtly conſider what the event may be,
For he's in health, but ſick in bed is ſhe.
In our contentions too much ods there are,
Thy hope is not like mine, nor yet thy feare.
Thy love is not ſo dangerous, but I,
If I ſhould ſuffer a repulſe, muſt dye.
Perhaps that hereafter thou wilt approve her,
But it is I that now do dearely love her.

Therefore

Therefore in Justice, this same love of thine
Vnto my love all title should resigne.
Since for love he unjustly doth contend,
Cydippe why do I this letter send?
Diana for his sake doth thee afflict,
Forbid him then thy house, if thou hast wit.
And for his sake this sickness lights on thee,
May he that causeth it, so punish'd be.
For if thou wilt his fained love reject,
And not love whom the goddesse doth not respect.
Thou shalt then presently regaine thy health,
When thou art well, I shall be well my selfe.
Feare not sweet Mayd, thou shalt have thy health now,
If to the goddesse thou wilt keepe thy vow.
" The heavenly powers our sacrifices scorne,
" Vnlesse we faithfully our vowes performe.
Yet some do lancing suffer for health's sake,
And some for health do bitter potions take.
But if thou keep thy selfe from perjurie,
Thou shalt preserve thy health, thy faith, and me.
Thy former fault may yet a pardon find,
Through ignorance, or forgetfulnesse of mind.
Thy sickness, and my words admonish thee,
" For know the gods cannot deceived be.
Yet should'st thou scape this sickness being a Mayd,
Being married thou wilt need *Diana's* ayd.
Having heard thy promise she will aske thee,
If I the father of thy burthen be.
If thou do'st vow, yet she will not beleeve,
If thou swear'st, she knowes 'tis but to deceive.
For thee, not for my selfe this care I take,
And my mind is thus troubled for thy sake.
Let not thy Parents for thy sickness weep?
Or why do'st thou in ignorance them keep?

Though

Though to thy Mother thou do'ſt all relate,
Cydippe, thou need'ſt not to bluſh thereat.
Tell her how I did firſt behold thy eyes,
While thou did'ſt to *Diana* ſacrifice.
And at the firſt ſight if thou mark'dſt me,
I ſtood and gaz'd with fixed eyes on thee.
And while I wondring ſtood, my Cloake off fell
From my ſhoulder, which paſſion ſeem'd to tell.
And after that an Apple I did fit
Wherein moſt cunningly theſe words I writ.
Which in *Diana's* preſence read by thee,
Thou did'ſt bind thy ſelfe then to marry me.
That ſhe the Tenour of the words may know,
As thou read'ſt them once, reade them to her ſo.
Then ſhe will ſay forthwith, pray marry me
Him, whom the goddeſſe hath allotted thee.
Since that *Diana* is pleas'd, chuſe no other,
For the goddeſſe will be to thee a mother.
And tell her, if ſhe aske thee, who I am,
The goddeſſe choice can be to thee no ſhame.
In *Cea* where *Corycian* Nymphs have,
In *Parnaſſus* hill an old famous Cave,
I was borne, and (if birth be not contemn'd)
From no baſe Parentage I did deſcend.
I have wealth, and my life from ſpot is free,
And there is none whom I love more, than thee.
Had'ſt thou not ſworne, yet thou need'ſt muſt like
Such a husband, I ſuch a wife would ſeeke.
Diana in a dreame bid me to write
Theſe lines, and waking, love bid me endite.
And as Loves Arrow now hath wounded me,
Take heed *Diana's* arrow wound not thee.
At once have pitty on me, and thy ſelfe,
At once thou mayſt reſtore us both to health;

Which if thou grant, when the Trumpets proclaime
Diana's solemne sacrifice againe,
Il'e offer a golden Apple, and on it
These two Verses shall be most fairely writ.
Acontius this Apple offer'd to testifie,
The gods the words writ in't did ratifie,
Lest a longer Letter should tire thee being weak,
I have but one word more to write, or speake.
And in the usuall way, as all can tell
I will conclude my letter here; Farewell.

Esp. xx.
Cupid
Cidippe

The Argument of the twentieth Epiſtle.

When *Cydippe* underſtood that offended *Diana* had inflicted this Feaver on her, ſhe condeſcended to *Acontius* deſire againſt her Parents will, rather than to endure the torment of her ſickneſſe. Firſt ſhe anſwers, that ſhe durſt not reade his Epiſtle aloud, leſt ſhe ſhould be deceived with the fallacy of an oath, as ſhe was in reading the lines writ on the Apple. Then amplifying the deceit of that Apple, ſhe inveighs againſt *Acontius*.

Cydippe to *Acontius*.

IN ſilence I thy Letter red, for feare
Leſt unawares I by the gods ſhould ſweare.
I thinke, againe thou would'ſt have coſen'd me,
But that I have promis'd my ſelfe to thee.
Ired it, leſt if I unkind ſhould ſeeme,
Diana ſhould have more offended been.
Though to *Diana* I do incenſe offer,
Yet ſhe defends that wrong which thou did'ſt proffer.
And if I may give credit unto thee,
For thy ſake ſhe with ſickneſſe viſits me.
Vnto *Hippolitus* ſhe was not ſo kind,
For at her hands more favour thou doſt find.
A Virgin of a Virgin ſhould take care,
Although I have not long to live, I feare.
I am ſicke, yet the cauſes of my griefe,
Phyſicians knovv not, nor can yeeld releefe.
Hovv ſicke am I, vvhile I theſe lines do write!
I ſcarce can ſit within my bed upright,

I feare leſt any but my nurſe ſhould find,
That we by letters do exchange our mind.
To viſitants, while ſhe the doare doth keepe,
(To give me time to write) ſhe ſayes I ſleepe.
When this colour the matter cannot hide,
Leſt by ſleeping too long, truth be diſcri'd.
If ſome come, who to deny 'tis unfitting,
She gives me then a fained ſigne by ſpitting.
Then I breake off, and leaſt it ſhould be ſpy'd,
In my trembling boſome the letter hide.
When they are gone, then I do write againe,
Thus in the midd'ſt of paines I take great paine.
Which did'ſt thou deſerve, I could undertake,
Then thou diſerv'ſt I'le doe more for thy ſake.
For thy ſake, I this ſickneſſe do ſuſtaine,
And for thy impoſture thus puniſht am.
And thus my beauty which did pleaſe thy ſight,
Hath hurt my ſelfe, by yeelding thee delight.
If I had appear'd deformed to thee,
No ſickneſſe had procur'd my miſerie.
Praiſe is my ruine, and while you both woe me
Tis my owne beauty that doth thus undoe me.
And while both will not yeeld, both will be mine;
You hinder his deſire, he hinders thine.
I am like a ſhip, the wind drives amaine
To Sea, but ſtrong tides drive it backe againe.
My marriage day which my Parents would ſee
Is at hand, but a feaver troubleth me.
And while the thought of marriage doth me mocke,
Death even at my doare begins to knock.
Which though I am not guilty, makes me feare,
Some of the gods with me offended are.
Some thinke my ſickneſſe hath but caſuall beene,
Or the gods would not have me marry him.

And that thou may'eſt not thinke fame doth detect thee,
For poyſoning of my ſelfe they doe ſuſpect me.
The cauſe is hid, but yet my griefe lyes open,
You do contend, but I with griefe am broken.
Tell me, and doe not unkindly reject me
What is thy hate, if thy love doth afflict me?
If ſuch thy love be, love thy enemy,
But I intreate thee that thou would'ſt ſpare me.
What hope to obtaine my love canſt thou cheriſh?
When thou do'ſt let me by a feaver periſh.
If to *Diana* thou do'ſt pray in vaine,
Why do'ſt thou boaſt what thou canſt not obtaine?
Either thou canſt not *Diana* pacifie;
If thou canſt, thou art unmindfull of me.
I would that I had *Delos* never knowne,
At leſt, at that time had not to it gon.
My ſhip unhappily did ſayle that day,
And through the blew Seas cut her fatall way.
Vnluckily out of my houſe I did ſlip,
When I did go aboard my painted ſhip.
Twice the winds to our ſailes contrary were,
Yet now I thinke on't the winds did ſtand faire;
It was a faire wind that did drive me back,
That my unhappy journey I might ſlack.
Would it had beene contrary to my mind,
But 'tis folly to complaine 'gainſt the wind.
For famous *Delos* I deſire to ſee,
Methought my ſhip ſail'd ſlowly under me.
I chid the Oares becauſe that they I did faile,
And me thought they put out too little ſaile.
Having paſſed *Tenos*, and *Andros*, the white
Cliffes of faire *Delos* came within my ſight.

And to the Ile I said; why do'st me shun?
Do'st still flote in the Sea, las thou hast don?
I landed when the Sun had run his course,
And began to unyoake his purple horse.
Next day when in the East they harnes'd were,
My Mother bid me combe and dresse my haire.
She gave me Rings, my haire with gold she dresst,
And put on me Apparrell of the best.
To the gods of the Iland we did dispence
Our gifts, and offered yellow frankincense.
And while my Mother bedewing with blood
The smoaking Altar, sacrificing stood;
My carefull Nurse led me another way,
While she, and I through sacred places stray.
We walkt about, while we admired there
The guifts of Kings, and Images there were.
We admir'd *Apollos* Altar, and the Tree
That help'd *Latona* in child-deliverie.
And all that had in *Delos* famous beene,
We saw, and more than yet hath mention'd been.
And here *Acontius* thou did'st cast a looke
On me, conceiving I might be soone tooke.
I return'd to *Diana's* Temple that hath
Faire steps, and what place ought to be more safe?
Thou threw'st an Apple fore me with this verse,
Which I was ready againe to rehearse;
My Nurse took't up, and wondring, wished me
To reade it, so I read thy treacherie.
When to this word of marriage I came,
I felt that both my cheekes did blush for shame.
And when my eyes had serv'd thy turne to reade
These lines, I looked downe, and hung my head.

But

But yet what glory hast thou got thereby?
To deceive a Mayd is no victory.
I stood not with my Axe, and Buckler there,
As *Penthesilea* did at *Troy* appeare.
No gold Belt from me thou did'st beare away,
Like that was taken from *Hippolita*.
Then why should'st thou rejoyce to have betray'd?
By thy deceitfull words a harmelesse Mayd.
An Apple deceiv'd *Atalanta*, and *Cydippe*:
Thou shalt another *Hippomenes* be.
But if that wanton Boy did thee enflame,
Whose quiver (thou saist) doth Loves shafts containe:
Why did'st thou not in honest sort come to me?
And not strive to deceive me, but to wooe me.
Why did'st thou not by words thy worth expresse,
To gaine my love, while thou did'st love professe?
Why did'st thou seek to compell, not perswade
My love? by promises on thy part made.
What doth my former oath now profit thee?
Though I call'd *Diana* it to testifie.
It is the mind that sweares, but my tongue went,
And swoare this oath, without my minds consent.
"An oath should be took with a knowing mind,
"Therefore a rash oath hath no power to bind.
If willingly I promis'd unto thee
Marriage, thou might'st then seeke it now of me.
But if those words I unwares did speake,
Thou stand'st on words that are but vaine, and weake.
I did not sweare, therefore thou canst not be,
By reading those words, a husband to me.
If such false oathes to bind effectuall were,
To grow rich in short time thou need'st not feare.

For all the Kings in the world may resigne
Their right unto thee by reading a line.
Thou art greater than *Dian* beleeve me,
If in thy words so great a power there be.
Yet though my oath, and thy love here I slight,
And have strongly pleaded, my case is right.
Yet I confesse I feare *Diana's* wrath,
Who now I doubt thus me afflicted hath.
For as often, as I intend to marry,
I doe fall sick, and so am forc'd to tarry.
Thrice *Hymen* now unto my bed-side came,
And finding me sick, he went back againe.
And with his tired hand he scarce could light
His Torch, or make it to burne cleere, and bright.
Sometimes with powders he perfumes his haire,
While he his yellow saffron roabe doth weare.
But when unto my Chamber he doth come,
And beholds teares, and weeping, he is gone.
He plucks the Garland from his shining haire,
And teares the flowers in it placed were.
Such mourning doth with him so ill agree,
That his blushing cheeks red as his robe be.
While a hot feaver now tormenteth me,
So that I thinke the bed-clothes heavie be.
I see my parents for me weepe, and rage,
Who am now neerer death than mariage.
O *Dian* that dost weare thy painted Quiver,
Helpe me now by *Apollos* skill, thy brother.
Since he can cure the sick, then why should I
To thy disgrace, without thy helpe here dye?
When thou didst bath thy selfe I ne're mistaked
Like rash *Acteon*, who beheld thee naked.

On thy Altars I have oft sacrifie'd,
Thy mother was not by my mother despis'd.
This only was my fault, that I have read
A per jur'd verse, and was thereby deceiv'd.
Therefore *Acontius* for my sake now bring,
To *Diana's* Altar thy owne offering.
If the goddesse be offended with me,
Then to be thine, why doth she hinder me?
For if that she do take away my life,
Thou canst not hope that I should be thy wife.
He that should be my husband, doth not stand
By my bed, and lift me up with his hand,
He sits indeed on my bed side, but he
Attempts no action of immodestie.
And knowes not what to thinke of me at all,
When without cause teares from my eyes do fall.
He seldome doth a kisse to me impart,
And with a fearefull voice cals me Sweet-heart,
I wonder my disdaine he hath not spy'd,
For when he comes I turne on my left side.
I will not speake, but sleepe I counterfeit,
And pull my hand back, when he would it take.
Then does he fetch a deepe sigh, because I
Am offended with him, he knowes not why.
When as in truth, if I should speake my minde,
(Cause in my sufferings thou dost pleasure finde)
Thou dost deserve our anger, who didst set
Thy cunning toiles, to catch me in thy net.
Why dost thou write thou would'st faine visit me?
Since in thy absence thou hast wounded me.
Why thou art call'd *Acontius*, I have found
Cause like an arrow thou far off dost wound.

That wound is not yet healed which no dart,
But theſe words I red, gave unto my heart.
Why ſhould'ſt thou come, and heere behold me lye
The wretched *Trophy* of thy victory?
For now my bloudleſſe colour doth quite faile,
And I am like thy Apple wan, and pale.
My white cheekes are not lightly ſtain'd with red,
Like ſpotted marble newly poliſhed:
But like the colour of a ſilver Cup,
When with cold water it is filled up.
If thou ſau'ſt me, I ſhould not ſeeme the ſame,
As when by Art thou ſought'ſt my love to gaine.
My promiſe thou would'ſt willingly remit,
And aske the goddeſſe to be freed from it.
And thou wilt ſend me then another line,
That I may ſweare, that I ſhall nere be thine.
Yet prethee come, ſince thou deſir'ſt the ſame,
And ſee if thou canſt know me now againe.
Though (*Acontius*) thy breaſt like Iron be,
Thou would'ſt pray the goddeſſe to pardon me.
Yet I would have thee know, we askt *Apollo*,
To regaine health what courſe I ought to follow.
And as fame doth report, he anſwered, I
Was puniſh'd for my infidelity.
And thus the god in Oracle anſwer'd me,
Who to thy deſires favourable be.
Whence comes it, but becauſe theſe cunning Letters,
In the Apple writ make the gods thy debtors.
Since thou do'ſt rule the gods, thou muſt rule me,
And therefore willingly I yeeld to thee.
I told my Mother how I had betray'd
My ſelfe to thee, at which ſhe was diſmay'd.

You muſt contrive the reſt, for I have done
Already, I feare, more than doth become
A Virgin, ſince in this Letter you ſee,
I freely doe unfold my mind to thee.
Now my weake joynts are weary of enditing,
And my ſick hand is tired with long writing.
So hoping that we ſhall together meete,
My Letter with a farewell doth thee greete.

The Argument of the one and twentieth Epistle.

Phaon being sometime a Boatman, *Venus* came unto him and desired to be carried over the water gratis, which he did, not knowing her to be a goddesse, wherupon she gave him a Box of oyntment, wherwith anoynting himselfe he became so beautifull that all the women in the Ile *Lesbos* were in love with him, and especially *Sappho* did impatiently affect him. But when *Phaon* went to *Sicily*, *Sappho* out of the heate of her love, and feare of his disdaine, desperately resolved to throw her selfe into the Sea, from *Lucas* a *Promontorie* of *Epire*. But yet unconstant to her first resolve, she endeavours by this Epistle to recall him back, and gaine his love of which she formerly despared, and to win him to a dislik of his present estate and manner of life. Lastly she uses all *Arguments* that might move him to pitty. And in this Epistle *Ovid* hath most lively expreſt the soft and amorous affections of love

Sappho to *Phaon*.

Soone as thou do'st behold my studious hand,
Whence the Letter comes do'st thou understand?
Or unlesse in it thou *Sapphoes* name reade,
Do'st thou not know from whence it doth proceed?
Thou may'st wonder why I in this verse write
Since I in *Lyricke* numbers do delight.
The weeping Elegie will fitting prove
To sute unto sad, and mournfull love.
But in light *Lyrick* verses there appeares
No dolefull harmony, that may sute teares.

For

Sappho

For like a field of corne on fire, whoſe flame
The eaſterne wind doth blow up, and maintaine,
Doth burne apace, being fram'd by the wind,
Even ſo the flame of love doth fire my mind.
Though *Phæon* live neere *Ætna* far from me,
My flames of love hotter than *Ætna* be.
So that Verſes to my Harpe I can't ſet,
"A quiet mind doth Verſes beſt beget.
The *Driad's* do not helpe me at this time,
Nor *Lesbian*, nor *Pieran* Muſes nine.
I hate *Amythone*, and *Cydnus* white,
And *Atthis* is not pleaſant in my ſight.
And many others that were lov'd of me,
But now I have plac'd all my love on thee.
Thy youthfull yeeres to pleaſures do invite,
Thy tempting beauty hath betrai'd my ſight.
Take a Quiver, thou wilt *Apollo* be:
Take Hornes, and *Bacchus* will be like to thee.
Phœbus lov'd *Daphne*, *Bacchus*, *Ariadne*,
Yet in Lyrick verſe no knowledge had ſhe.
But the Muſes dictate to me ſmooth rhymes,
So that the world knowes my name and lines.
Nor hath *Alceus* for the Harpe more praiſe,
Though by higher ſubjects he gets his bayes.
"If nature beauty unto me deny,
"My wit the want of beauty doth ſupply.
Though low of ſtature, yet my fame is tall,
And high, for through the world 'tis knowne to all.
Though for my beauty I have no renowne,
Perſeus lov'd *Cepheia*, that was browne.
White Doves doe often paire with ſpotted Doves,
And the greene Parret the black Turtle loves.

If

If thou wilt have, Love, as faire as thee,
Thou muſt have none, for none ſo faire can be.
Yet once my face did faire to thee appeare,
And that my ſpeech became me thou didſt ſweare.
And thou would'ſt kiſſe me while that I did ſing,
(For Lovers do remember every thing)
My kiſſes, and each part thou didſt approve,
But ſpecially when I did write of love;
Then I did pleaſe thee with my wanton ſtraine,
With witty words, and with my amorous vaine.
But now the Maids of *Sicily* do pleaſe thee,
Would I might *Lesbos* change for *Sicilie*.
But take heed *Megarenſians* how you doe
Receive this wanderer, leſt you do it rue.
Leſt by his flattering tongue you be betrai'd.
What he ſayes to you, he hath to me ſaid.
O *Venus*! helpe me now in my diſtreſſe,
Faire goddeſſe, favour now thy Poeteſſe.
Will fortune alwayes be to me unkinde?
And will ſhe never change her froward minde?
For I knew ſorrow ſoone, even when that I
Was ſix yeeres old, my father firſt did die.
The love of a whore my brother o're came,
On whom he ſpent his wealth, and loſt his fame.
Being growne poore, then unto Sea he went,
To get by pyracie what he had ſpent.
And becauſe I blam'd his courſes, he
My honeſt counſell ſcorn'd, and hated me,
And as if theſe griefes were too light for me,
You know that I have faulty beene with thee.
And of thee at laſt I muſt make complaint,
Becauſe that I thy company do want.

In

In thy abſence I do not dreſſe my haire,
Nor on my fingers any rings doe weare.
A poore and homely weed I do aſſume,
Arabian myrrhe doth not my haire perfume.
Though I did dreſſe my ſelfe for to pleaſe thee,
Yet in thy abſence why ſhould I dreſſe me?
Nature hath given me a heart ſo ſoft,
That love doth with his arrow wound it oft.
For I am ſtill in love, and I do ſee,
That I muſt alwayes thus in love ſtill be.
The fatall ſiſters at my birth decreed
To ſpin my life forth, with an amorous threed.
Or elſe my ſtudies are the cauſe of it,
Thalia hath given me a wanton wit.
Nor can it in love ſeeme ſo ſtrange a caſe,
That I ſhould love thy young effeminate face.
Leſt *Aurora* ſhould love thee I was afraid,
And ſo ſhe had, but *Cephalus* her ſtaid.
If *Phœbe* ſhould behold thee, ſhe ere long
Would love thee more, than her *Endymion*.
And beautious *Venus* long ague had carried
Thee unto heaven in her Ivory Chariot;
But that the goddeſſe wiſely did foreſee,
That *Mars* himſelfe would fall in love with thee.
Such was thy beauty, and thy comely grace,
For in thy youth thou hadſt a Virgins face.
Returne to me, thou ſweeteſt flower of beauty,
For to love thee, I know it is my duty.
I do not here intreat thee to love me,
But that thou wouldſt permit me to love thee.
And while I write, I weepe even for thy ſake,
And all thoſe blots thou ſeeſt, my teares did make.

In

Though

Though thou reſolvedſt to go, yet modeſtie
Might have enforc'd thee, to take leave of me.
At thy departure thou didſt not kiſſe me,
I fear'd not that I ſhould forſaken be.
I had no pledges of thy love, for I
Have nothing of thine but thy injurie.
This only charge I would have given to thee,
That thou would not be unmindfull of me.
I ſweare unto thee, by this love of mine,
And by my goddeſſes the Muſes nine.
When they did tell me, that thou hadſt tooke ſhip,
A long time I could neither ſpeake, nor weep.
My heart grew cold, my ſilent griefe was dumbe,
Wanting both teares to vent it ſelfe, and tongue.
But when my ſorrowes I more lively felt,
I toare my haire, my teares began to melt.
So that to weepe I preſently begun,
Like Mothers at the buriall of a ſon.
My bother laught, and while, that he did walke
And ſtrut by me, he thus began to talke.
Alas! why does my loving ſiſter grieve,
Thou haſt no cauſe, thy daughter is alive.
Thus love and ſhame together ill agree,
For I had put off now all modeſtie.
And in ſuch manner I abroad did rove,
That the people thereby diſcern'd my love.
O *Phaon*, I do dreame of thee alwayes,
Dreames make the night more pleaſant than the dayes.
Dreames make thee preſent though thou abſent art,
But they weake ſhadowes of true joyes impart.
Sometimes I thinke that thou imbraceſt me,
And ſometimes I thinke that I imbrace thee.

That

That thou doſt kiſſe me, then I doe beleeve,
With ſuch kiſſes as thou didſt uſe to give.
And ſometimes in my dreame to thee I ſpeake,
As if my tongue and ſenſes were awake.
I cannot tell the reſt with modeſtie,
For me thinkes I enjoy thy company.
But when the Sun doth riſe, and breaks the day,
I am ſad, becauſe my dreames paſſe away.
I'me angry that my phancy is no ſtronger,
And that my pleaſant dreame ſhould laſt no longer.
Then to the woods and caves I ſtraightway hie,
Wherein I enjoy'd thy ſweet company.
As if the woods and caves could comfort me,
Since they witneſſes of our pleaſures be.
Like one were mad, or enchanted I flye,
While my haire doth o're my ſhoulders looſen'd lye.
Me thinkes the moſſie caves doe ſeeme as faire,
As thoſe which built of coſtly Marble are.
I love the wood, under whoſe leavie ſhade,
We oftentimes have both together laid.
But the wood ſeemes unpleaſant unto me,
As if it mourned for thy company.
And I have often gone unto that place,
Where we have laine together in the graſſe;
And laid me downe againe, and with the ſhowres
Of teares have watered the ſmiling flowres.
The leaveleſſe trees to mourne do begin,
And all the ſweet birds have left off to ſing.
Onely the Nightingall with mournfull ſong,
In ſaddeſt notes bewailes her former wrong.
She laments thoſe ſad wrongs ſhe did ſuſtaine;
Of thy forſaking me I doe complaine.

If

If she sung not, nor I complain'd of thee,
The wood more silent than the night would be.
There is a Fountaine that's as cleere as glasse,
So that some thought a deity in it was;
O're which a great tree doth extend his boughes,
And soft greene grasse even round about it growes.
I being weary, by chance lay downe here,
And a *Nayad* which did to me appeare;
Standing before me, thus to speake began,
Because thou lov'st, and art not lov'd againe;
To *Leucas* go, if that thou wilt have ease,
A promontory that o're-lookes the Seas.
Hence *Deucalion* for *Pyrrha's* love
Did throw himselfe downe, and as it did prove,
He had no hurt, but being drenched in
These seas, his love to coole did strait begin.
The vertue in this place remaines, make haste,
And from this Rock thy selfe downe quickly cast.
Thus having said, he vanisht, and my feares
Increast, my eyes did overflow with teares.
Faire Nymph, I promise thee that I will go,
Enrag'd with love unto that Rock you show.
Perhaps the light aire in her armes will beare me,
I can't be worse, then why should danger feare me?
O love! with thy wings let me be sustain'd,
Lest for my death *Leucadian* seas be blam'd.
Then unto *Phœbus* I'le my Harpe resigne,
And underneath it write this double line;
Sappho, ô *Phœbus*, offers unto thee,
His Harpe, which thou lov'st, and was lov'd by me.
If *Phaon* to returne to me would please,
What need I go to the *Actian* Seas?

Thou

Thou canst doe me more good, thee I will follow,
Thy beauty is such, thou art my *Apollo*.
Or canst thou harder than a hard Rock be,
And to dye in misery suffer me?
It were far better sure, that I should joyne,
In close embraces, my faire breast with thine;
That breast, O *Phaon*, which thou didst oft praise,
And which did seeme so witty many wayes.
Now I would faine be eloquent, but while
I strive to write in a more elegant stile;
My Art doth faile, for griefe my wit hath spent;
So that my Letter is not eloquent.
My former vaine of writing verse is done,
My jocund Harpe is now growne mute and dumbe.
Yea, *Lesbian* Nymphs that mariage do desire,
Yea, Nymphs so called from the *Lesbyan* Lyre.
Ye *Lesbyan* Nymphs whose love advanc'd my fame,
Come not to heare my Harpe, or *Lyrick* straine.
For that sweet vaine I had in former time,
My *Phaon* took away, who is not mine.
If you send him back, I should regaine it,
He is my *Genius*, that doth give me wit.
But why with prayers seek I to perswade?
Can his hard heart with prayers be soft made?
No it doth grow more stiffe, and I doe finde
That all my words, are but like empty wind.
But I do wish the winds would bring thee back,
Why to returne againe, art thou so slack?
I have long lookt for thee, then come away,
Why dost thou thus torment me with delay?
Weigh but thy Anchor, *Venus* will befriend thee,
With a good voiage, and a faire wind lend thee.

Cupid

Cupid to steare thy ship too will not faile,
And he will put out, and take in each saile.
But if thou forsake *Lesbyan Sappho*, I
Have not deserv'd of thee such cruelty;
And by this Letter I would have thee know,
That my selfe into the Sea I will throw.

FINIS.

Ulysses

THREE RESPONSIVE *EPISTLES* of the *Poet* AVLVS SABINVS, in answer to three of OVID's *Epistles*.

The Argument of Sabines *first Epistle.*

Vlysses having read *Penelopes* Epistle, answereth all objections, and relates his many troubles which he had valiantly endured. *Tyresia* and *Pallas* having instructed him in future events, he propheciеth unto her that he will come home to *Ithaca* in the habit of a beggar. He comes home so disguised, and *Penelopes* wooers supposing him a beggar offer him many affronts. But his son *Telemachus* and his two servants helping him, he fell upon them, and slew them all. At last his son *Telegonus*, whom he had by *Circe*, slew him with a poison'd Arrow.

VLYSSES *to* PENELOPE.

VNfortunate *Vlysses* hath from thee,
Receiv'd thy Letter deere *Penelope*.
The sight of thy hand and seale, were to me
A kind of comfort in my misery.

Thou dost accuse me, that I am too slack
In returning, and comming to thee back.
I had rather thou should'st esteeme me slow,
Then that I should let thee my troubles know.
Greece knew my love unto thee, when I had
For thy love counterfeited my selfe mad.
For such was then the force of my affection,
That I did counterfeit a fain'd distraction.
Thou would'st not have me write, but come away;
I make haste, but crosse winds do make me stay.
Troy which the *Grecian* Maids hate, is defac'd,
I am not there, for *Troy* is burnt, and raz'd.
Deiphobus, *Asius*, *Hector*, all slaine are,
And all the rest of whom thou stood'st in feare.
I scap't the *Thracian* bands, when I had slaine
Rhesus, and to my Tents return'd againe.
And besides out of *Pallas* Temple I
Did take the fatall palme of victory.
I was in the Horse, when *Cassandra* cry'd,
Trojans burne the Horse, yet not terrifi'd.
Burne it; for in this wodden Horse quoth she,
The cunning *Grecians* here enclosed be.
Therefore if you do not this Horse destroy,
It shall be the destruction of *Troy*.
Achilles rites of sepulture did lack,
Till I brought him to *Thetis* on my back.
The *Grecians* did my labour so regard,
I had *Achilles* armour for reward.
Yet I have lost all, for the sea hath swallow'd
My Ships, and all the company me follow'd.
Only that constant love I owe to thee,
Continues with me in adversity.
Scylla, and *Charybdis* could not cast away
My love to thee, which still doth with me stay.

Sighs

Spight of *Antiphates* my love endur'd,
And though the cunning Syrens me allur'd.
And *Circe*, nor *Calypso* could not charme me,
Thy love againſt their Sorceries did arme me.
Both promiſ'd that they could immortall make
Me, that I ſhould not feare the Stygian Lake.
For thy ſake I their offer did withſtand,
And have ſuffer'd ſo much by ſea, and land.
Perhaps when thou theſe womens names doſt finde
In my Letter, it will trouble thy minde.
And of *Cyrce* and *Calypſo* to heare,
Perhaps thou wilt be ſtruck into a feare.
When I in thy Letter *Ancæus* red,
Polybus and *Medon*, they my feare bred.
Since thou ſo many youthfull Suiters haſt,
How could I think that thou remaineſt chaſte.
Could they delight in thy teare blubber'd face?
Do not thy teares thy beauty yet deface?
And it ſeemes thou haſt given conſent to marry,
But thy unthriving web doth make them tarry;
For that which thou haſt in the day time ſpun,
Thou unweav'ſt at night, ſo 'tis never done.
Thy Art is good, which doth ſucceſſefull prove,
To delude their purpoſe, delay their love.
O *Polyphemus*! I do wiſh that I
Had dy'd in thy Cave free from miſery.
Would I had by the *Thracians* beene ſlaine,
When my ſhips unto *Imaros* firſt came.
Would cruell *Pluto* then had ſatisfi'd
His wrath on me: I would that I had dy'd,
When I deſcended to the Stygian Lake,
From whence in ſafety I returned backe.
For though in thy Letter no dread appeare,
I ſaw my mothers thin ghoſt walking there.

She told me how at home all matters be,
And to shun my imbraces thrice fled me.
I saw *Protesilaus*, who fate contemning
With his death gave the *Trojan* wars beginning.
And his wife *Laodamia*, who did dye,
That she might beare her husband company.
I saw *Agamemnon*, whose wounds bleeding were,
So that the sight made me let fall a teare.
He had no hurt at *Troy*, and also past
The *Eubœan* Promontory, yet at last
Having a thousand wounds given him, he dies
Even then when he to *Jove* did sacrifice.
Thus *Helena* the Grecians ruine bred,
While she to *Troy* a stranger followed.
Besides, what profit was it unto me,
Cassandra were captives and *Andromache*.
I could have chosen *Hecuba* for my wife,
Thinke not that with a whore I spend my life.
For I brought *Hecuba* aboard my ship,
But she out of her former shape did slip.
For into a Bitch she was straight transform'd,
And her complaints were into barking turn'd.
Thetis grew angry at these Prodigies,
And enrag'd *Æolus* made a storme to rise;
So that with wind and waves our ships did strive,
Which tempests round about the world did drive.
But if *Tyresias* truly foretold me
A prosperous fate after adversity;
Having endur'd so much by land and sea,
I hope my fortunes will more kinder be.
Now *Pallas* doth protect us from all dangers,
And guides us in our journey amongst strangers,
Since *Troys* destruction I have *Pallas* seene
Of late, so that her anger spent doth seeme.

And whatsoever *Ajax* did commit,
The Grecians now are punished for it.
Nor was *Tydides* too excus'd from danger,
For he like us about the world doth wander.
Nor *Teucer*, that from *Telamon* first sprung,
Nor he that with a thousand ships did come.
Menelaus was happy, for having got
His wife, he need feare no unhappy lot.
Though the winds or seas did your journey stay,
Your love was not hinderd by that delay.
The winds nor waves did not hinder your blisse,
But when you list you could embrace, and kisse.
And had I so enjoy'd thy company,
No evill chance could than betide to be.
But since *Telemachus* is well I heare,
My present troubles I more lightly beare.
I blame thy love in sending him to sea,
Through *Sparte*, and in *Pylon* to seeke me.
I needs must blame thy love in doing it,
While to the Sea thou didst my Sonne commit.
But fortune may at last yet prove my friend,
And all my troubles may have a faire end.
A Prophet told me, deere Wife, we should meet,
And with imbraces should each other greet.
But I will come disguis'd, so to be knowne
Vnto no other but thy selfe alone.
In a beggars habit I'le disguised be,
Conceale thy joy, and knowledge then of me.
I'le shew no outward violence when I come,
For so *Apollos* Priest unto me sung.
But I'le revenge my selfe even at that time,
When thy wooers are banqueting with wine.
While beggars raiment doth *Vlysses* cover,
And then at last my selfe I will discover.

While at *Vlisses* they shall all admire,
That this day would come soone I do desire.
That we may both deere wife, renew our love,
And I to thee may a kinde husband prove.

The

Phillis
Damophoon

The Argument of Sabines *second Epiſtle.*

Demophoon in this Epiſtle endeavours by divers Arguments to excuſe his unfaithfull neglect of returning to *Phyllis* according to his promiſe. Alleaging that his friends were offended with him for ſtaying ſo long with her in *Thrace*, and alſo the inopportune unſeaſonableneſſe of the weather for ſailing, promiſing howſoever at length to returne to *Phyllis*. Hee performed his promiſe, but *Phyllis* impatient of delay, had ſtrangled her ſelfe before he came, and by the mercy of the gods was changed into a leafeleſſe Almond-tree: which *Demophoon* imbracing, it put forth leaves, as if it had beene ſenſible of his returne. Which is fain'd, becauſe *Phyllo* ſignifies in Greek an *Almond-tree*, ſo expreſſing the name of *Phyllis*. Becauſe when *Zephyrus* or the Weſt wind bloweth from *Africa* into *Thrace*, this Tree flouriſheth, for *Zephirus* ſignifieth as much as ζωοφόρος, that is, *The life-cherißher*; which gave occaſion to this fiction, That *Phyllis* transform'd into a Tree, ſeem'd to rejoyce, and flouriſh, at the returne of her Lover.

Demophoon to *Phyllis.*

FRom his owne Countrey to *Phyllis* his friend,
Demophoon doth this his Letter ſend.
Even thy *Demophoon* that doth ſtill love thee,
My fortunes change, but not my conſtancy.
Theſeus, whoſe name thou haſt no cauſe to feare,
Thy flames of love for his ſake worthy were.

Mnestheus drove out of his royall state,
And the old Tyrant is now dead of late.
He that the *Amazons* had overcome,
And unto *Hercules* was companion.
He that did *Minos* son in law become,
When he the *Minotaure* had overthrowne.
He did accuse me because I did stay,
Trifling so long with thee in *Thracia*.
For while the love of *Phyllis* did detaine thee,
And that a forraigne beauty did enflame thee.
Time with a nimble pace did slip away:
And sad accidents hapned by thy delay.
Which had beene all prevented, hadst thou come,
Or hadst thou made them voide, when they were done.
When thou didst *Phyllis* kingdome love, for thee
Then a whole kingdome was dearer to thee,
From *Athamas* I this same chiding have,
And old *Æthra*, who's halfe within her grave.
Since *Theseus* is not there to close their eyes,
The fault on me for staying with thee lyes.
I confesse they both to me often cry'd,
When my ship did in *Thracian* waters ride.
The winds stand faire *Demophoon*, why dost stay?
Goe home *Demophoon* without delay.
From thy beloved *Phyllis* example take,
She loves thee, yet her home she'd not forsake.
She desires not to beare thee company,
But to returne againe entreateth thee.
I with a silent patience heard them chide,
But their desire I in my thoughts deny'd.
I thought I could not imbrace thee enough,
And I was glad to see the sea grow ruffe.
Before my father I will this confesse,
He that loves worthily may it professe.

For

For ſince ſuch ſtoare of worth remaines in thee,
If I doe love thee, it no ſhame can be.
And I do knovv that *Phyllis* cannot ſay,
I prov'd unkind, vvhen I did ſaile avvay.
For vvhen the day came that I muſt take ſhip,
I vvept, and comforted thee vvho did'ſt vveep.
Thou did'ſt grant me a ſhip of *Thracia*,
While *Phylli's* love made me the time delay.
Beſides my father *Theſeus* doth retaine
Ariadnes love, and cheriſhes that flame;
When he lookes towards heaven many times,
See how my love (ſaith he) in heaven ſhines.
Though *Bacchus* to forſake her did command him,
The vvorld for forſaking her, hath blam'd him.)
So I am perjur'd thought for my delay,
Though *Phyllis* knovv not the cauſe of my ſtay.
This may aſſure thee I will come againe,
Becauſe my breſt doth burne vvith no nevv flame.
Phyllis hath not report to thee made knovvne,
What diſmall troubles are ſprung up at home.
Since for my fathers death I a mourner am,
Whoſe death includes more griefe than I can name.
My brother *Hippolytus* deſerves a teare,
Whom his ovvn horſes did in peeces teare.
Theſe fatall cauſes might excuſe my ſtay,
Yet after a while I will come avvay.
I will but lay my Father in the grave,
For 'tis fit he ſhould vvorthy buriall have.
Grant me but time, and I will conſtant be,
Thy Countrey yeelds moſt ſafety unto me.
To thoſe that ſince the fall of *Troy* did vvander
By Land and Sea, and paſs'd through much danger.
Thrace hath been kind, and I unto this Land
By tempeſt drove, vvas kindly entertain'd.

If

If that thy love to me remaine the ſame,
Who in my royall Pallace now doe raigne.
And art not angry with my Parents fate,
Or with *Demophoon* moſt unfortunate.
Suppoſe that unto me thou had'ſt been married
When at the Seige of *Troy* ten yeares I tarried.
Penelope through all the world is fam'd,
Becauſe that ſhe her chaſtity maintain'd.
For ſhe with witty Art, did alwayes weave
An unthriving web, ſuiters to deceive.
For ſhe by night did it in pieces pull,
Reſolving the untwiſted threds to woll.
Do'ſt feare the *Thracians* will not marry thee,
Or wilt thou marry any one but mee.
Haſt thou a heart with any one to joyne
Thy hand? unleſſe thy hand do joyne with mine.
How wilt thou bluſh then, and how wilt thou grieve,
When a far off thou ſhalt my ſailes perceive.
Thou wilt condemne thy ſelfe, and ſay alaſſe!
I ſee *Demophoon* moſt faithfull was.
Demophoon is return'd, and for my ſake
A dangerous voyage he by Sea did make.
I that for breach of faith him raſhly blamed,
Have broake my faith, while I of him complained.
But *Phyllis* I had rather thou ſhould'ſt marrie,
Then that thou ſhould'ſt ſome other way miſcarry.
Why do'ſt thou threaten thou wilt make away
Thy ſelfe? the gods may heare when thou do'ſt pray.
Though thou do'ſt blame me for inconſtancy,
Adde not affliction to my miſery.
Though *Theſeus Ariadne* did forſake,
Where the wild beaſts a prey of her might make;
Yet my deſert hath not beene ſuch, that I
Should be accuſed of inconſtancy.

This

This Letter may the winds without all faile
bring safe to thee, which us'd to drive my saile.
Perswade thy selfe I faine would come away,
But that I have just cause a while to stay.

The

The Argument of Sabines third Epistle.

This responsive Epistle written by *Paris* is not difficult, for the Argument is taken out of *Oenones* Epistle. *Paris* having violated the rites of mariage, by repudiating his wife, and marrying *Hellena*, first confesses to *Oenone* the injurie he had done her. Afterward excusing himselfe, he transferreth the blame on *Cupid*, whose power Lovers cannot resist, and on the fates, who had destinated *Hellena* to him unknowne. But 'tis reported that *Oenone* did love *Paris* so deerly, that he being brought to her wounded by *Philoctates* with one of *Hercules* arrowes, she imbraced his body, and enbalming it with teares, dyed over him, and so they were both buried in *Cebria* a *Trojan* Citie.

Paris to *Oenone.*

NYmph, I confesse that I fit words do want
To writ an answer to thy just complaint.
I seeke for words, but yet I cannot find
Words, that may aptly suite unto my mind.
I confesse against thee I have offended,
Yet *Hellens* love makes me I cannot mend it.
I'le condemne my selfe, but what doth't availe
The power of love makes a bad cause prevaile.
For though thou should'st condemne me, and my cause,
Yet Cupid meanes to try me by his lawes.

And

Paris

d if by his lawes we will judged be,
eemes another hath more right to me.
hou wert my first love I confesse in truth,
d I mari'd thee in my flowre of youth.
my father *Priam* I was not proud,
thou do'st write, but unto thee I bow'd.
did not thinke *Hector* should prove my brother,
hen thee and I did keepe our flocks together.
know not my mother Queene *Hecube*
hose Daughter thou most worthy art to be.
t love, I see, is not guided by reason,
onsider with thy selfe at this same season.
or thou complin'st that I have wronged thee,
nd yet thou writest that thou lov'st me.
nd though the *Satyres*, and the *Fawnes* do move thee,
et thou remainest constant still unto me.
esides, this love is fatall unto me,
y Sister *Cassandra* did it foresee;
efore that I had heard of *Hellens* name,
hose beauty through all *Greece* was knowne by fame.
I have told all, unlesse it be that wound
Of love, which I have by her beauty found.
Nay those wounds I will open, and from you
To gaine some helpe, I will both beg and sue.
My life, and death are both within thy hand,
You have conquer'd me, I'm your command.
Yet I remember that when you heard me,
Relate to you her dismall prophesie.
While I did tell thee, thou did'st weep upon me,
Wishing the gods would turne that sad fate from me,
That thou might'st have no cause to accuse
When that *Oenone* doth *Paris* lose.
Love blinded me, that I could not beleeve thee,
And loving thee doth make me now deceive thee.

Love

Love powerfull is, and when he list can turne
Iove to a Bull, or to a Bird transforme.
Such beautie all the world should not containe,
As *Hellen*, who is borne to be my flame.
Since *Iupiter* to disguise his loose scape
Did transforme himselfe unto a Swans shape;
And *Iove* also descended from his Tower
To court faire *Danae* in a golden showre.
Sometimes himselfe he to an Eagle turn'd,
And sometimes to a white Bull hath transform'd.
And who would thinke that *Hercules* would spin,
Yet love of *Deianira* compell'd him.
And he wore her light Petticoate, tis said,
While his love with his Lions skin was clad.
So I remember love compelled thee
(The more's my fault) that thou preferredst me
Before *Apollos* love, and from him fled,
Because thou would'st possesse my marriage bed.
Yet I excell'd not *Phœbus*, but the dart
Of Love did so infore thy gentle heart.
Yet this may unto thee some comfort prove,
That she is no base Harlot whom I love.
For she whom I before thee do prefer,
By birth is descended from *Iupiter*.
Yet her birth doth not inamour'd make me,
But 'tis her matchlesse beauty that doth take me.
O my *Oenone* ! I do wish it still,
I had not beene on the *Idæan* Hill
A Iudge of beauty, Pallas now doth grudge,
And *Iuno*, because against them I did judge.
And because I did lovely *Venus* praise,
And for her beauty gave to her the Bayes.
She that can raise loves flame up in another,
She that rules *Cupid*, and is his owne mother;

Yet

he could not avoyd her owne Sons ſhaft
Bow, wherewith he woundeth others oft.
Vulcan tooke faire *Venus* cloſe in bed
Mars, which by the gods was witneſſed.
Mars againe ſhe afterward forſooke,
for her *Paramour Anchiſes* tooke.
with *Anchiſes* ſhe in love would be,
did revenge his ſloth in venerie.
Venus thus did in affection rove,
many not ſhe make *Paris* change his love?
elaus with her faire face was tooke,
'd her, before on her I did look.
ough wars enſue, if I do her, enjoy,
a thouſand ſhips fetch her backe from *Troy*;
o not feare, the war is juſt, and right,
ll the world ſhould for her beauty fight.
lthough the armed *Grecians* ready be,
o fetch her backe, i'le keep her heere with me.
hou haſt any hope to change my mind,
o uſe thy charmes why art thou not inclin'd?
ace in *Apollos* Arts thou art well ſeene,
ad to *Hecates* skill haſt uſed beene.
hou canſt cloude the day, and ſtars ſhining cleare,
nd make the Moone forſake her ſilver ſphere;
nd by thy charmes, while I did Oxen keep,
ierce Lions gently walkt amongſt the ſheep.
hou did'ſt make *Xanthus*, and *Simoeis* flowe
nto their ſprings, and back againe to goe.
nd charm'dſt other Rivers, when thou did'ſt ſee,
They thirſted after thy Virginity.
Oenone, let thy charmes effectuall prove
To change my affection, or quench thy love.

FINIS.

Imprimatur. Tho. Weekes
Cap. Domeſt. Lond. Epiſc.